Falconer (William) Poet
K

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY A SAILOR.

Willm Falconer.

——quaeq; ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.——

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED and ENLARGED.

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MDCCLXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

EDWARD,

DUKE OF YORK,

REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE SQUADRON

OF HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET,

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS,

BY HIS ROYAL APPROBATION,

WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT AND DUTY,

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST DEVOTED,

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is perhaps neceſſary to acquaint the Public, that the Author of this Poem, deſigned not at firſt to enlarge the work with ſo many notes; but, to avoid this, propoſed to refer his readers to any one of the modern Dictionaries, which ſhould be thought moſt proper for explaining the technical terms occaſionally mentioned in the Poem; but after ſtrict examination of them all, including a ſilly inadequate performance that has lately appeared by a Sea-Officer,* he could by no means recommend their explanations, without forfeiting his claim to the character aſſumed in the Title-Page, of which he is much more tenacious than of his reputation as a poet.

Although it is ſo frequent a practice to take the advantage of public approbation, and raiſe the price of performances that have been much encouraged, the Author chooſes to ſteer in a quite different channel: it being a conſiderable time ſince the firſt Edition ſold off, [notwithſtanding the high price, and the ſingularity of the ſubject] he might very juſtly continue the price, but as it deterred a number of the inferior officers of the ſea from purchaſing it; at their repeated requeſts it has been printed now in a ſmaller Edition: at the ſame time, the Author is ſorry to obſerve, that the gentlemen of the ſea, for whoſe entertainment it was chiefly calculated, have hardly made one tenth of the purchaſers.

* Can a ſea-officer be ſo ignorant as to miſtake the names of the moſt common things in a ſhip?

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the subject—Invocation—Apology—Address to Memory, whose appearance and emblems are described. She relates the story—Account of the ship Britannia *on her passage from* Egypt *to* Venice—*Short review of the former part of the voyage, and time of her absence from home—Joyful expectations of a speedy return, as bound from* Venice *to* Britain—*The ship occasionally touches at* Candia, *where she is four days detain'd by a calm—Comparison of the antient and modern condition of that island——Misery of the adjacent* Cyclades (*Isles of the* Archipelago)—*Season of the year——Some account of the master and officers——Several prognostics of a storm——The ship weighs anchor in light, shifting breezes by moon-light——Morning and Sun-rise——Operation of an azimuth——Beauty of a dying dolphin——The shore described as the ship passes—A water-spout—Supposed cause of its rise—Cause and effects of its fall—Description of the cypress-grove formerly consecrated to Jupiter—Increase and direction of the gale—The ship's progress along the coast—Sail shortened—Appearance of* Cape Spado.

THE

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

WHILE jarring intereſts wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful plains with fierce alarms;
While Albion bids th' avenging thunders roll
Along her vaſſal deep from pole to pole;
Declining ſtrains that ſwell with martial rage,
An unknown Author treads th'Aönian ſtage,
Far other lays of ſad diſtreſs to ſing,
Than ever trembled from the claſſic ſtring:
To paint a ſcene yet ſtrange to epic lore,
Whoſe deſart ſoil no laurel ever bore;
Where hoſtile elements conflicting riſe,
And lawleſs ſurges ſwell againſt the ſkies;
Where dangers crowd in terrible array,
And Valor ſinks, o'erwhelm'd in deep diſmay.

Ye all-recording Nine! whoſe ſacred ſtrains
With ſweet inchantment charm Elyſian plains,
Whoſe golden trumpets, fraught with endleſs fame,
Arts, arms, and heroes, to all ſpace proclaim;
Or, in lamenting elegies, expreſs
The varied pang of exquiſite diſtreſs;
O tune my harp to ſofteſt notes of woe!
And let the numbers ſadly-ſocial flow!
The fate, in lively ſorrow, to deplore,
Of wanderers ſhipwreck'd on a leeward ſhore;
And while my lines the nautic theme diſplay,
Diſſolve in ſympathy the weeping lay!

Unknown to PHOEBUS or the tuneful Nine,
I feel no animating ray divine:
Doom'd far, O! far from bleſt Pieria's ſhore,
Th' immeaſurable deep to wander o'er:
Alternate change of climates I have known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone;
Where arctic ſtorms congeal eternal ſnow,
Or equinoctial ſuns intenſely glow:
From where far-roll'd Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coaſts of ſavage Labrador;

From where Damaſcus, pride of Aſian plains,
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains;
To where the Iſthmus, lav'd by adverſe tides,
Atlantic and Pacific ſeas divides:
But while I meaſur'd o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild, illimitable chace,
Adverſity, companion of my way!
Brandiſht aloft her ſcourge, with iron ſway;
Bade new diſtreſſes every inſtant grow,
And markt each change of place with change of woe:
In regions, where th' ALMIGHTY's chaſtening Hand
With livid Peſtilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blaſts the hopeful year,
Diffuſing want and miſery ſevere;
Or where at ſea the broad embattled line
Of hoſtile ſhips, in flaming combat join;
Where ſtorms and waves the helpleſs bark aſſail,
Till o'er her crew diſtreſs and death prevail.
Such joyleſs toils in early youth endur'd,
Th' expanding dawn of mental day obſcur'd;
Each genial paſſion of the ſoul ſuppreſt,
And quencht the ardor kindling in my breaſt.

Then

Then cenſure not ſevere the native ſong,
Tho jarring ſounds the meaſur'd verſe prolong!
Tho terms uncouth offend the ſofter ear,
Yet truth, and human anguiſh deign to hear!
No laurel wreathes the lays attempt to claim,
Nor ſculptur'd braſs to tell the poet's name.
Thee MEMORY! too, the tragic tale implores,
Ariſe! approach! unlock thy treaſur'd ſtores!

She comes confeſt, auſpicious to the ſight,
O'er all my ſoul diffuſing ſacred light,
Serenely mild her look; around her head
Refulgent wreaths of azure glory ſpread:
Her radiant wings like Iris' flaming bow,
With various hues in rich profuſion glow;
With theſe, along th' immenſity of ſpace,
She ſcours the rapid, intellectual race:
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Containing annals of preceding years;
With every wiſe and noble art of man,
Since firſt the circling hours their courſe began:
Her left a ſilver wand erect employs,
Whoſe magic touch Oblivion's gloom deſtroys:

The fugitive ideas ſhe reſtores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's ſhores,
To things long paſt, a ſecond date ſhe gives;
And hoary Time from her freſh youth receives;
Congenial ſiſter of undying Fame
She ſhares her power, and MEMORY is her name.

O! firſt-born daughter of primeval Time,
By whom tranſmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elapſt are known,
And blazon'd glories ſpread from zone to zone;
Whoſe magic breath diſpells the mental night,
And o'er obſcur'd ideas pours the light!
Say! on what ſeas, for thou alone canſt tell,
What agonies a fated ſhip befel?
Full on my ſoul the dreadful ſcene diſplay,
And give its latent horrors to the day!

❀❀❀

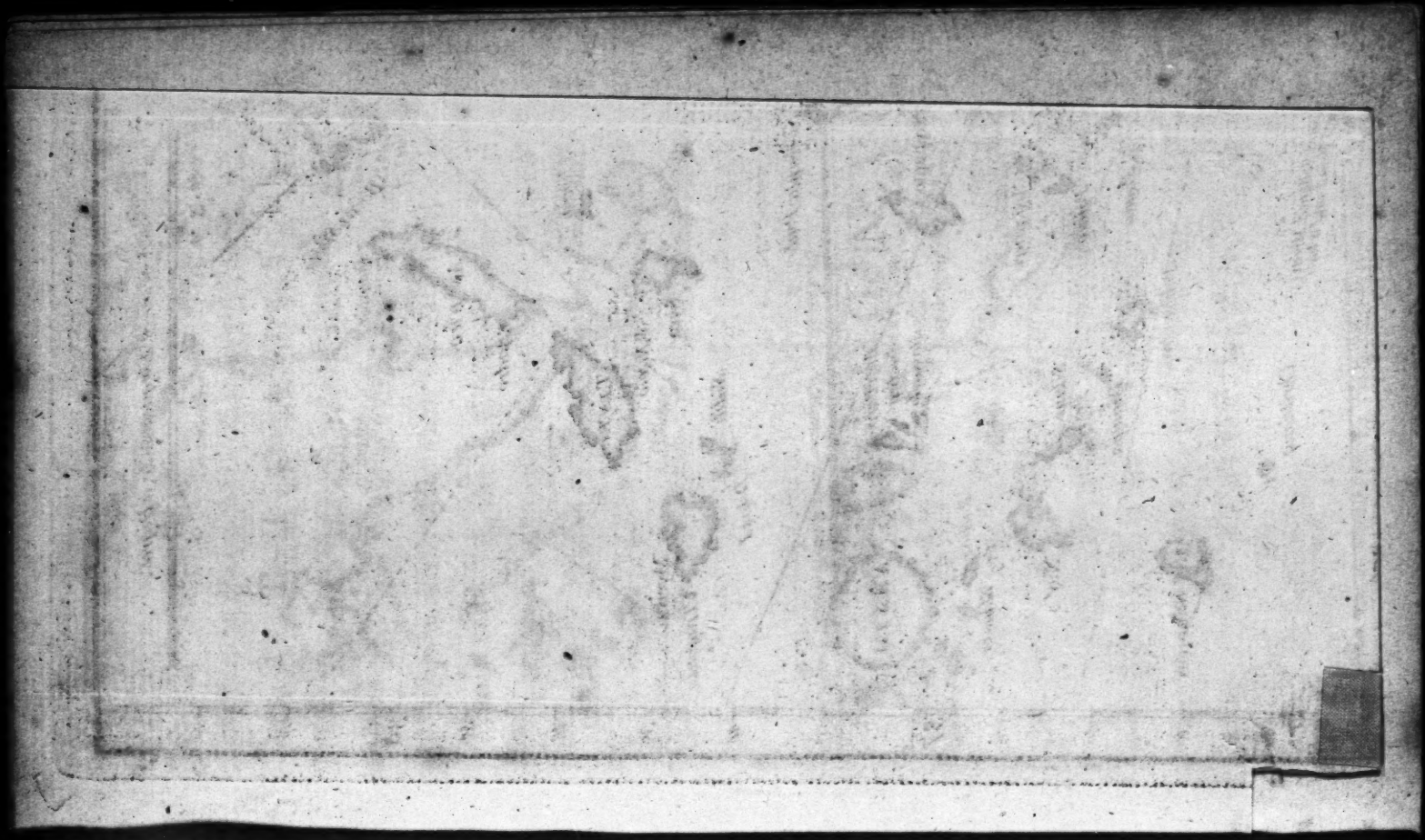
A ſhip from Egypt, o'er the watery plain
Deſign'd her courſe to Adria's rich domain;
From fair Britannia's iſle deriv'd her name,
And thence her crew, the ſlaves of Fortune, came.

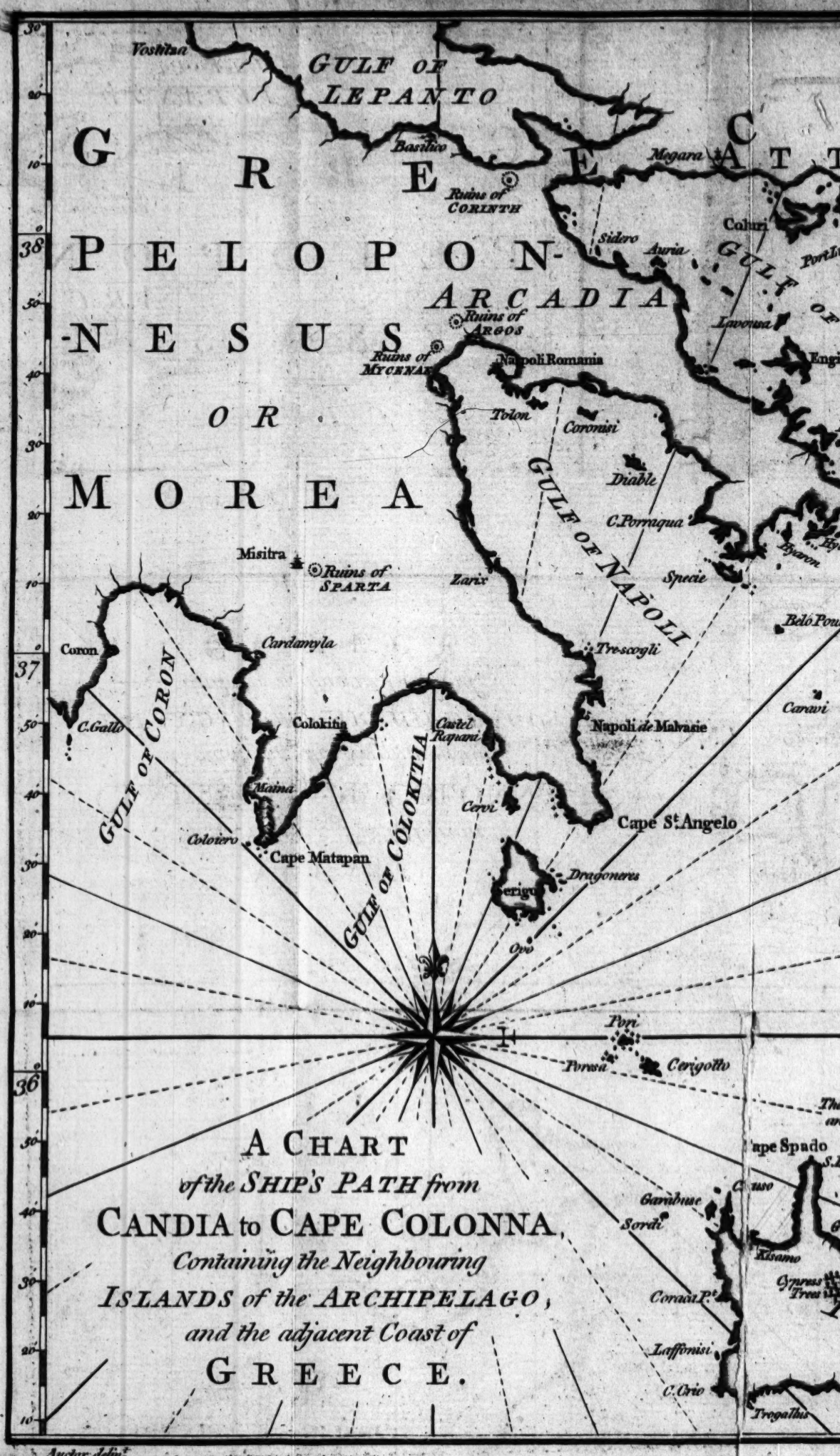
The

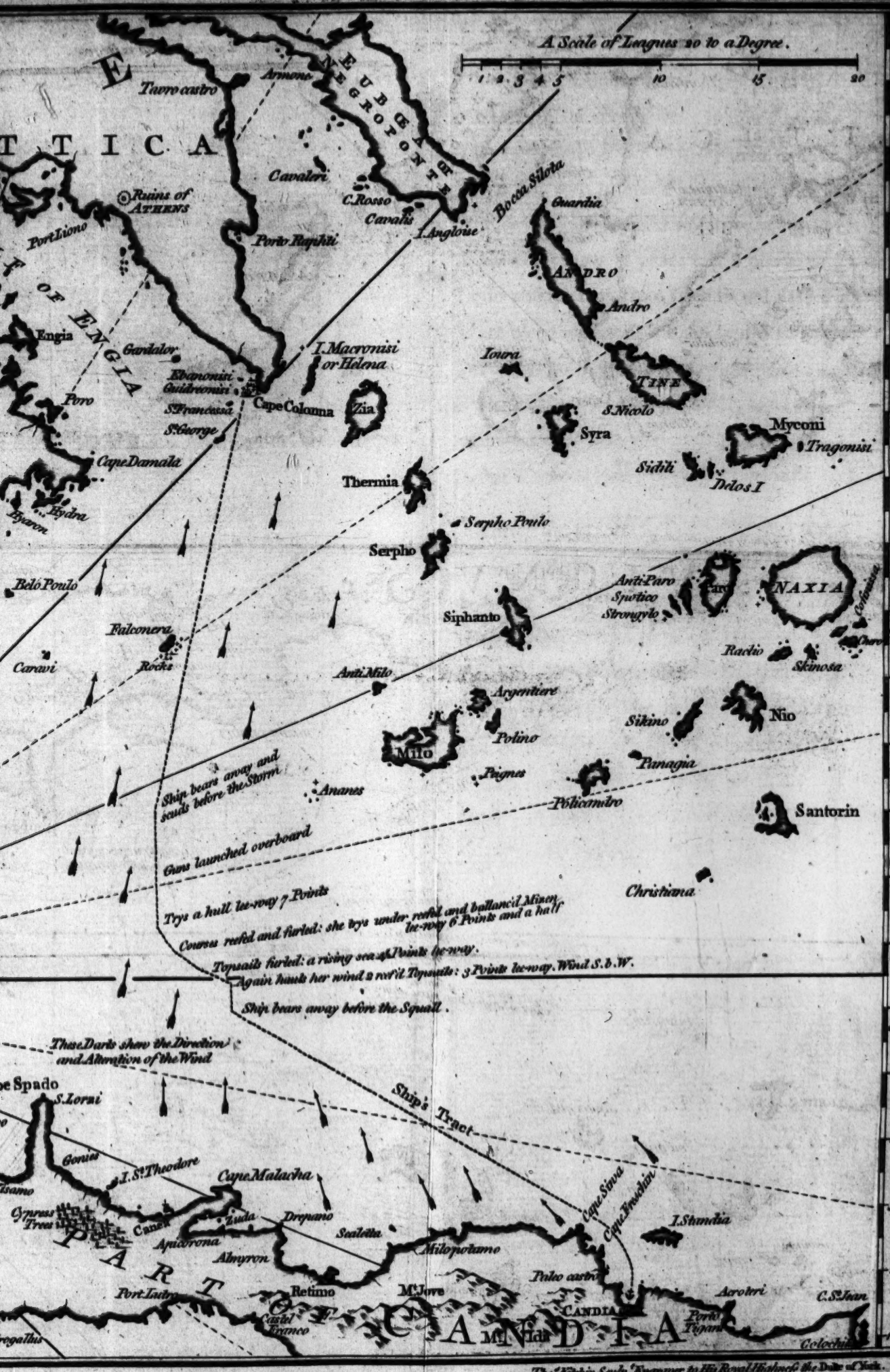
The flying phantom eager, they purſu'd,
And ſought in certain ills, imagin'd good:
Tho caution'd oft her ſlippery path to ſhun,
Hope ſtill with promis'd joys allur'd them on;
And, while they liſten'd to her winning lore,
The ſofter ſcenes of peace could pleaſe no more.
Long abſent, they from friends and native home,
Were o'er the cheerleſs main inur'd to roam;
Yet Heaven, in pity to ſevere diſtreſs,
Each painful voyage ended with ſucceſs;
Still to compenſate toils and anguiſh paſt,
Reſtor'd them to maternal plains at laſt.

Thrice the revolving Sun in bright career,
Acroſs th'Equator roll'd his flaming ſphere,
Since laſt the veſſel launch'd from Albion's iſle,
With daring keel to plow the liquid ſoil;
She thro' the yielding flood from ſhore to ſhore
Convey'd, unwearying, her commercial ſtore:
The richeſt ports of Afric ſhe had view'd,
And thence to Italy her courſe purſu'd:
Then paſt along Trinacria's burning iſle,
And viſited the margin of the Nile.

When




GULF OF LEPANTO
GREECE
PELOPONNESUS OR MOREA
ARCADIA
Vostitza
Basilico
Ruins of CORINTH
Megara
Sidero
Auria
Coluri
Lavousa
Ruins of ARGOS
Ruins of MYCENAE
Napoli Romania
Tolon
Coronisi
Diable
C. Porraqua
GULF OF NAPOLI
Specie
Hyaron
Misitra
Ruins of SPARTA
Zarix
Trescogli
Coron
Cardamyla
C. Gallo
GULF OF CORON
Colokitia
Castel Rapani
Napoli de Malvasie
Caravi
Maina
Cervi
Cape St. Angelo
Coloiero
Cape Matapan
GULF OF COLOKITIA
Dragoneres
Serigo
Ovo
Pori
Poresa
Cerigotto
Cape Spado
Garabuse
Sordi
Kisamo
Cypress Trees
Coraca Pt.
Laffonisi
C. Crio
Trogallus
38
37
36
A CHART
of the SHIP'S PATH from
CANDIA to CAPE COLONNA,
Containing the Neighbouring
ISLANDS of the ARCHIPELAGO,
and the adjacent Coast of
GREECE.
Auctor delin.



The Kitchin Sculp. Engraver to His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

When almoſt now expir'd the tedious race,
The ſeaſon to return proceeds apace:
They, blind to Fate's immutable decree,
No intervening incidents foreſee:
From Venice homeward now they ſeem to ſteer,
No tempeſts to retard, no perils near;
Enflam'd by Hope, their throbing hearts elate,
Ideal pleaſures vainly antedate;
Before whoſe vivid intellectual ray,
Diſtreſs recedes, and Danger melts away.
Already Britiſh coaſts appear to riſe,
The chalky cliffs ſalute their longing eyes;
Each to his breaſt, where floods of rapture roll,
Embracing ſtrains the miſtreſs of his ſoul:
Ev'n they Love's ſoft impreſſions too can feel,
Whoſe ſtubborn hearts are ſheath'd in triple ſteel;
Each boſom heaves Affection's genuine ſigh,
And beams of nature kindle every eye.
Nor leſs o'erjoy'd, with ſympathetic truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;
In diſtant ſouls congenial paſſions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliſs beſtow.

Such ſhadowy happineſs their thought employs,
Illuſion all, and viſionary joys!

Thus time elapſt while o'er the pathleſs tide
The ſkilful chiefs their gallant veſſel guide.
Occaſion call'd to touch at Candia's ſhore,
Which, bleſt with favoring gales, they ſoon explore;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Diſpatch their commerce and prepare to ſail.

Eternal powers! how conqueſt has defac'd
This iſle, and laid her noble cities waſte!
Her natives, in antiquity ſtill fam'd,
The circling ſtates with admiration nam'd,
But fallen and loſt appears their glory now!
To Ottoman's imperious yoke they bow:
No thirſt of Fame the drooping heart inſpires,
For ſtern Oppreſſion kills their noble fires.
Tho ſtill luxuriant Plenty crowns her plains,
Whoſe produce all the Cyclades maintains;
Sharp penury afflicts theſe wretched iſles,
There Hope ne'er dawns, Proſperity ne'er ſmiles;

The vaſſal wretch contented drags his chain,
And views his famiſh'd babes lament in vain:
Theſe eyes have ſeen the barren cultur'd ſoil
A ſeventh year mock the weary laborer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the deſart ſhore,
Elated, ſees her vaſſal-gods adore:
No Helens here with lovely, fatal charms,
Excite th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms:
No fair Penelopes attract the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here ſullen Beauty ſheds a twilight ray,
And freezing Sorrow bids her bloom decay:
Thoſe charms, ſo long renown'd in claſſic ſtrains,
Would dim appear on Albion's happy plains.

Now to the ſouthern hemiſphere the ſun,
Thro the bright Virgin and the Scales, had run,
And, on th' Ecliptic, wheel'd his radial way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray:
Four days becalm'd the veſſel here remains,
And yet no hope of aiding wind obtains:
A ſickening vapor lulls the air to ſleep,
And not a breeze awakes the ſilent deep;

This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er
And PHOEBUS to the north declines no more,
The cautious mariner, whom heaven informs,
Still deems the prelude of approaching ſtorms:
No dread of ſtorms the Maſter's ſoul reſtrain,
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain!
Impatient of delay, his active heart
Expects the winds from Candia to depart,
Determin'd, from whatever point they riſe,
To truſt his fortune to the ſeas and ſkies.

The ſun's bright orb, declining all ſerene,
Now ſhone obliquely o'er the verdant ſcene,
Creation ſmiles around; on every ſpray
The warbling birds exalt the choral lay;
In broken meaſures roll the limpid ſtreams,
And o'er the vales a floating luſtre gleams;
The glaſſy ocean huſht forgets to roar,
And trembling, murmurs on the ſandy ſhore;
A thouſand ſun-huſht hues, divinely gay,
The vivid Weſt ineffable array;
On the green lawn the dancing ſhades prolong,
And, gaily ſkipping, bleat the fleecy throng.

Arabian

Arabian ſweets perfume the golden plains;
Above, beneath, around, Inchantment reigns.
While yet the ſongſters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the ſoul to love;
While glowing Veſper leads the ſtarry train,
And Night ſlow draws her veil o'er land and main:
Emerging clouds the azure Eaſt invade,
And wrap the lucid ſpheres in gradual ſhade;
With joyful eyes th' attentive Maſter ſees
Th' auſpicious omens of an eaſtern breeze.
Round the charg'd bowl the ſailors form a ring,
Recount the wondrous tale, or mutual ſing,
As love or battle, hardſhips of the main,
Or ſocial wine excite the ruſtic ſtrain;
When ended, ſome the watch alternate keep,
The reſt regardleſs ſink in ſilent ſleep.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire!
Whoſe gleams ſpontaneous all my lines inſpire,
Ere yet th' awaking incidents convene,
And chain attention on th' eventful ſcene,
Record who chief among the gallant crew
Th' unbleſt purſuit of intereſt hither drew!

Can ſons of Neptune, generous, firm and brave,
For ſordid meed in pain and peril ſlave?

They can; for this, endu'd with magic art,
Can rule the paſſions, and corrupt the heart;
This ſtrews with roſes life's perplexing road,
And opes the gates of Pleaſure's ſoft abode;
This to the ſpotted Villain gives applauſe,
To whom, in vain, ſad Merit pleads her cauſe;
This ſpreads with ſlaughter'd heaps the bloody plain,
And pours adventurous thouſands o'er the main.

The ſtately ſhip, with all her daring band,
To ſkilful ALBERT own'd the chief command;
Him Science taught, with ſoaring eye, to trace
The planets, wheeling in eternal race:
To hazards long inur'd, his dreadleſs ſoul,
Unmov'd, beheld tempeſtuous oceans roll;
O'er the wild ſurge, when diſmal ſhades preſide,
His equal ſkill the lonely bark could guide:
His ſpirit ſtill for each event prepar'd,
Roſe with the ſtorm, and all it's dangers ſhar'd.

Where full in view Auguſta's ſpires are ſeen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
An humble habitation roſe, beſide
Where Thames meandring rolls his ſolemn tide,
There liv'd the hope and pleaſure of his life,
A pious daughter with a faithful wife:
For his return with fond officious care,
Still every pleaſing object theſe prepare:
Whatever can allure the ſmell or ſight,
Or wake the drooping ſpirits to delight.

To guide this blooming maid in Virtue's road,
Th' admiring parents all their care beſtow'd;
Her ſpotleſs ſoul, to ſoft affection train'd,
No ſin untun'd, no ſickening folly ſtain'd:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whoſe boſom opens to the vernal gale;
A lovelier bluſh, untaught, adorn'd her cheek,
Than gilds the ſky when ſummer-mornings break;
Her glowing eyes, with ſweet attraction roll'd,
Enſlav'd the paſſions, and the ſenſe control'd:
Fann'd by the courting zephirs from her head,
Along her neck the waving treſſes ſpred;

Her

Her mind and form adorn'd with native eaſe
In ſocial harmony conſpir'd to pleaſe.

O! if that ſoul, where ſtainleſs beauty ſhone,
Replete with living colors all it's own,
Thus innocent, could feel the ſting of pain,
With guilt, what pangs, what agonies muſt reign!
Yet ſhe th' undying worm of anguiſh prov'd,
For, ah! the gentle maid ſeverely lov'd.
A gallant youth awak'd the virgin flame,
That glow'd unſeen, PALEMON was his name;
Nor long in vain, for trembling in her eyes,
He ſoon beheld the quick emotions riſe;
And while transfixt he gaz'd, his throbing breaſt
Th' infectious fire with mutual force confeſt;
Each boſom felt the genial current flow,
Blended alas! too ſoon with tides of woe.

By Nature's gifts PALEMON taught to charm,
To ſofteſt love the frozen heart could warm;
Yet tho he knew the faireſt of the plain,
For him conceal'd, poſſeſt the native pain,

His

His ſoul, where moral truth ſpontaneous grew,
No guilty wiſh, no cruel paſſion knew,
Tho trembling awake to Nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to Honor's ſacred cauſe.
Thrice happy ſoil! had learning's vital ray
Produc'd it's pregnant bloſſoms to the day:
But all th' abortive beauties of his mind
A ſordid father's avarice confin'd,
And nurſt alone the mercenary art
That kills the ſpringing roſes of the heart.
But he indignant ſaw the golden chain
In ſervile bonds each generous thought reſtrain.
His virtue ſtill appear'd, tho wrapt in ſhade,
As ſtars with trembling light the clouds pervade.
Ill-fated youth! reluctant I expreſs
Thy plaintive tale of undeſerv'd diſtreſs,
That ſwell'd the tear in blooming ANNA's eye,
And from her boſom heav'd the ſocial ſigh.

For yet, while wandering in the ſilent grove,
Unheard they breath'd the ſentiments of love,
When each ſweet interview increaſt it's power,
As morning dews awake the vernal flower.

While their chaſte ſouls poſſeſt the pleaſing pains
That truth improves and virtue ne'er reſtrains,
Their mutual flame PALEMON's father heard,
Whoſe kindled rage the youth too juſtly fear'd:
Conflicting paſſions ſhook his venal mind,
Not warm'd by beauty, nor by love refin'd:
He, by the luſt of riches only mov'd,
Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd;
For many freighted ſhips from ſhore to ſhore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;
And this, which ALBERT's pilotage obey'd,
Appear'd pre-eminent for ſize and trade.
Indignant, he rebuk'd th' incautious boy,
Whoſe thought no ſordid views of wealth employ,
For he far other paſſions would inſpire,
And kindle in his breaſt a baſer fire.
Long with unequal art in vain he ſtrove
To quench th' ethereal flame of ardent love;
Oft try'd with Muſic's all-prevailing lore
His ſoul's deſerted quiet to reſtore;
Oft led him where diffuſive joys excite
The heart to mirth, or chain the raviſh'd ſight.

With

With all her powers inchanting Muſic fail'd,
And Pleaſure's ſyren-voice no more prevail'd:
Not Beauty's ſweet attraction could perſuade
His rooted paſſion from the charming maid.
Th' impatient father, fir'd with proud diſdain,
At laſt reſolv'd to ſend him o'er the main.
Deep anguiſh, while PALEMON heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a ſaddening gloom:
High beat his heart, faſt flow'd th' unbidden tear,
His boſom heav'd with agony ſevere.
In vain, alas! with unavailing ſighs,
He pleads a ſuit, that ruthleſs ſcorn denies:
His ſire, to grief unfeeling as the wind,
To ALBERT's care th' obedient youth conſign'd.

The ſhip was laden and prepar'd to ſail,
And only waited now the leading gale:
The parting pair a thouſand tortures prove,
The poignant tortures of deſpairing love,
The ſpringing wiſh that never can repoſe,
Deſire, whoſe ardent tide unebbing flows,
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joy diſtant ſtill, and ſorrow ever near.

Theſe wounds, ſeverely felt in either heart,
Their ſad epiſtles mutually impart.

Enflam'd with trembling hope, PALEMON writes,
" Ere yet th' ingrateful wind our ſhip invites,
" O let theſe longing eyes behold again
" The lovely ſource of all my bliſs and pain!
" For to my father I this ſuit addreſt,
" But he, unpitying, heard my laſt requeſt;
" Inflexibly determin'd to fulfil
" The rigid dictates of paternal will.
" And when the veſſel leaves Auguſta's port,
" Beneath his eye to Dover I reſort,
" And, there embarkt, depart my native ſhore,
" The ſea's tempeſtuous wilds to venture o'er——

" Lo, while to thee my ſoul impatient flies,
" The cruel weſt-winds inauſpicious riſe!
" Perhaps, the Pilot's warning voice even now
" Commands the lifted anchor to the bow *!
" All hope and joy my wounded mind deſert,
" For I, perhaps, to-morrow may depart.

* See the firſt note of this Canto.

" My

" My ever-charming ANNA! who alone
" Can all the pangs of adverſe fate atone,
" When o'er the world the glooms of midnight roll,
" To thee I come, dear miſtreſs of my ſoul!
" O diſappoint not my impatient love!
" But with thy ſmiles this agony remove!
" If this laſt interval eſcape in vain,
" I ne'er may ſee thy heavenly face again!"

Yet while the weeping miſſive ANNA reads
The fear'd event in fatal haſte proceeds!
With riſing power the ſea-ward breezes blow!
Aloft in air the parting ſignals flow!
Aboard with ſorrow wing'd the females flew,
To bid the father and the lord adieu.
When on the poop th' inchanting Fair was ſeen,
Nor leſs ſhe ſeem'd than beauty's matchleſs queen;
And while in charms ineffable ſhe ſhone,
Each boſom felt a ſoftneſs not it's own.
Not Cleopatra, on th' Egyptian flood
When her triumphant naval chariot rode,
In all the pomp of ſilk and gems array'd,
Was half ſo lovely as this Britiſh maid.

From

From her ſoft breaſt, inſpiring chaſte delight,
A ſtream of glory burſt upon the ſight;
While pious woe, that dim'd her angel-face,
To bluſhing beauty added tenfold grace.
Faſt by that dome, where from afflicting fate,
The veteran ſailor finds a ſafe retreat*,
The boat prepares to waft them to the ſhore:
They part, alas! perhaps to meet no more.
O muſe! in ſilence hide the mournful ſcene!
Where all the pangs of ſympathy convene.

Ye tender maids, in whoſe pathetic ſouls
Compaſſion's ſacred ſtream impetuous rolls,
Whoſe warm affections exquiſitely feel
The piercing anguiſh of the Paphian ſteel,
Ah! let no wanderer of the ſtormy main,
Tho fair and good, your yielding hearts obtain!
Let not your melting tenderneſs approve
The fond effuſions of their ardent love!
O warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
Where thorns and baneful weeds alternate grow!
Let them ſeverer Stoic nymphs poſſeſs,
Whoſe ſtubborn paſſions feel no ſoft diſtreſs.

* Greenwich hoſpital.

The

The veſſel parted on the falling tide,
And homeward now the female mourners hied.
The ſun was ſunk, and night, advancing ſlow,
In ſilent gloom involv'd the world below;
When to the place appointed ANNA mov'd,
Impatient to behold the ſwain ſhe lov'd.
In the dumb path his haſty ſteps ſhe hears,
He comes, confeſt, the raviſh'd youth appears!
But ah! what magic numbers can expreſs
The trembling extaſies their ſouls poſſeſs?
O all ye ſoft perceptions that impart
Impetuous rapture to the fainting heart!
In grief's laſt gloom, who bid th' inchanting ray
Of joy voluptuous agonies convey!
Need my fond ſoul, alas! your diſtance fear,
Whoſe influence, felt too powerfully ſevere,
Nips the gay ſummer of my vital year.

With love's reſiſtleſs impulſes oppreſt,
He claſpt the bluſhing virgin to his breaſt:
While her's congenial beat the fond alarms,
Diſſolving ſoftneſs! paradiſe of charms!

Their

Their blending ſpirits, that each other drew,
Flaſht from their eyes, in warm tranſfuſion flew.
O exquiſite enjoyment! here alone
Elyſian pleaſures unallay'd are known:
This kindles ſweet affection's pureſt fire,
And breathes in moral boſoms chaſte deſire:
The genuine ſigh that bleeding virtue heaves,
Here, the corroding ſting of woe relieves.
Ah! wherefore ſhould my hopeleſs love, ſhe cries,
While ſorrow burſt in interrupting ſighs,
For ever deſtin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
Too high, alas! aſpir'd my ſanguine flame,
To bliſs decreed for ſome ſuperior dame:
'Tis mine, abandon'd to ſevere diſtreſs,
Still to complain and never hope redreſs.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortur'd boſom ſigh alone!
Thou yet the hovering anger mayſt appeaſe,
Go then, dear youth! nor brave the faithleſs ſeas:
Find out ſome happier maid, whoſe equal charms,
With fortune's fairer ſmiles, may bleſs thy arms:

Where warm Proſperity her beam diſplays,
Whoſe ſun-bright glow no miſery allays.
Yet haſte thee hence, PALEMON! ere too late,
And ſtop the current of thy ebbing fate!
On me let ſad affliction only fall!
My heart for thee will gladly ſuffer all.
No longer then th' important time delay,
Which, ah! too ſoon may ſummon thee away.

O ever-lov'd! the captive ſwain rejoin'd,
While hoſtile paſſions agoniz'd his mind,
Canſt thou, bright pattern of exalted truth!
Doom to decay the ſummer of thy youth?
And I, ingrateful, all that ſweetneſs ſee
Conſign'd to laſting miſery for me?
O firſt diſeaſe! let thy contagious breath
Conſume my flowery years with blaſts of death!
Atteſt, thou Moon! reſplendent queen of night!
Whoſe luſtre ſickens at this mournful ſight,
By all the pangs that parting lovers prove,
Which ſweet poſſeſſion can alone remove;
By all the horrors that torment the deep,
Where fate and ruin dreadful empire keep;

By heaven's loud thunders, that avenging roar,
And ſhake th' affrighted earth from ſhore to ſhore;
Tho tyrant-duty force me to fulfil
A father's fixt, inexorable will;
Tho Fortune ſhould in tides inceſſant flow,
My faithful flame can never ceaſe to glow:
My heart, that now muſt every joy reſign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

He ſaid; in mingled ſympathy of woe,
Their hearts, ſurcharg'd with varied paſſions, glow:
As on his neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thouſand racking doubts her ſpirit wrung;
She antedates each peril of the deeps,
And, all alive to ſoft affection, weeps:
With mild perſuaſion he diſpels her fear,
And kiſſes from her cheek the rolling tear:
So the reviving ſun exhales the ſhowers
That fall alternate on th' evolving flowers.

O ceaſe to weep! this ſtorm will yet decay,
And theſe ſad glooms of ſorrow melt away.

While thro the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taſte the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to human pain,
Full oft in ſovereign wretchedneſs complain.
This bids proſperity, with brighter ray,
In ſmiling contraſt, gild our vital day.
We too ſhall yet rejoice, lo! I return
Ere twice ten months elapſe, then ceaſe to mourn!
This will our exil'd peace at laſt reſtore,
When never intereſt ſhall divide us more.

Her ſtruggling ſoul, o'erwhelm'd with latent grief,
Now found an interval of ſhort relief:
So feels the frozen ſtream at noon of day
Awhile the parting ſun's enervate ray.
With cruel haſte the ſhades of night withdrew,
And warn'd the lovers to their ſad adieu.
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who ſee th' uncommon pangs their boſoms prove!
Ye, who the ſecret laws of Fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or, if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wiſht atonement for long-ſuffer'd pain.

While dying fondneſs languiſh'd in their eyes,
She pour'd her ſoul to heaven in ſuppliant ſighs;
Bade every guardian miniſter attend,
And from all ill the wandering youth defend.
In grief's exceſs they parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by ſtrong attraction, met again.
Let not the wretched ſlaves of Folly ſcorn
This ſacred paſſion, Nature's eldeſt born!
Superior anguiſh makes no vain appeal
To hearts that unrelenting froſts congeal.
Once more farewel! th' embracing lovers cry'd,
Then, torn with agonizing throes, divide.

Two days now paſt PALEMON came aboard,
Where in the Downs the veſſel lay ſecur'd:
The merchant then, before they left the land,
Impos'd on ALBERT his ſevere command;
A taſk he knew beyond the power of art,
The youth's prevailing paſſion to divert.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawleſs wind;
Then, if the flame unalter'd ſtill ſurvive,
In ſpite of ſeparation all alive,

At his return he meant alone to blame
The Maſter, and his ſervices diſclaim:
Ingrateful plea! for ALBERT, ever juſt,
With diligence and care maintain'd his truſt.
The ſhip then parting ſoon from Albion's ſhore,
To regions far remote PALEMON bore.

Such was the ſtory of that faithful youth,
Who ſtill poſſeſt inviolable truth:
Still ANNA's image ſwims before his ſight,
In fleeting viſion, thro the reſtleſs night:
Still mutual fear and hope their boſoms prove,
For only death can conquer real love.

RODMOND the next degree to ALBERT bore,
A hardy ſon of England's fartheſt ſhore:
Where bleak Northumbria pours her ſavage train,
In ſooty thouſands, o'er the northern main,
That, with her pitchy entrails fraught, reſort
In ſable ſquadrons to Auguſta's port;
Expert to ſound or heave the * windlaſs bar,
But ſtrangers to the art of naval war.

* See the note, p. 33.

Thence

Thence Rodmond came, true pattern of the reſt!
No ſocial paſſion warm'd his ſtubborn breaſt;
Unſkill'd to argue, in diſputes yet loud,
Bold, without foreſight, without honor, proud;
Each veteran rule tenaciouſly he priz'd,
And all improvements haughtily deſpis'd;
His wiſdom never for advice appeal'd,
Wiſdom alas! from other eyes conceal'd.
Yet, tho improvident of future ill,
At every need he plied his utmoſt ſkill.

To Rodmond, next in order of command,
Enſu'd the youngeſt of the nautic band,
Whoſe vital ſpring had juſt began to bloom,
When o'er it ſorrow ſpred her ſickening gloom.
But ah! in ſilence Memory roll a name
That courts no rank among the ſons of Fame!
On him fair Science ſhot her orient ray,
Maturing vernal genius to the day;
But ſoon Adverſity, with freezing blaſt,
Nipt every bud, and every ray o'ercaſt.
Reluctant, forc'd by her ſevere command,
He left fair Science, and his native land.

Permit theſe lays, ye bleſt Aönian train!
To call ARION this ill-fated ſwain;
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant ſtars their efficacy ſhed;
Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep,
With conſcious anguiſh taught the lyre to weep:
The raging billows both in ſafety bore,
Amid deſtruction, panting to the ſhore.
This laſt may yet withdraw oblivion's veil,
That wraps in ſilent ſhades this tragic tale;
His feeling notes ſincerely may complain,
While ſad remembrance bleeds at every vein.
Here his warm wiſh attempted to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each diſtant realm unknown,
And range excurſive o'er th' untravel'd zone:
In vain, for ſtern Adverſity's command
Debar'd his entrance to each wiſht-for land;
With unrelenting ire his ſteps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope againſt him clos'd.

Oft in the watch of night with him alone
PALEMON would his ill-ſtar'd love bemoan.

Then,

Then, mov'd by ſacred ſympathy of grief,
Each lighten'd boſom felt a kind relief;
For ſweet compaſſion, by celeſtial art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.
To him ARION oft recounted o'er
Each tale of hapleſs love in claſſic lore,
Till ſorrow, not his own, humanely felt,
In ſocial pity, taught his ſoul to melt.
PALEMON in return would oft impart
To him the warm effuſions of his heart;
To him the ſcene of parting-love reveal'd,
From all beſide in midnight ſhades conceal'd.
To mutual friendſhip thus ſincerely true,
No ſecret wiſh or fear their boſoms knew;
In mutual hazards oft ſeverely try'd,
Nor hope nor danger could their love divide;
Sweet union of inſeparable ſouls!
That every tempeſt of the mind controls.

Theſe, chief among the ſhip's conducting train,
Her path explor'd along the deep domain:
O'er all the reſt, an undiſtinguiſh'd crew!
Obſcurity her ſable curtain drew.

Deep

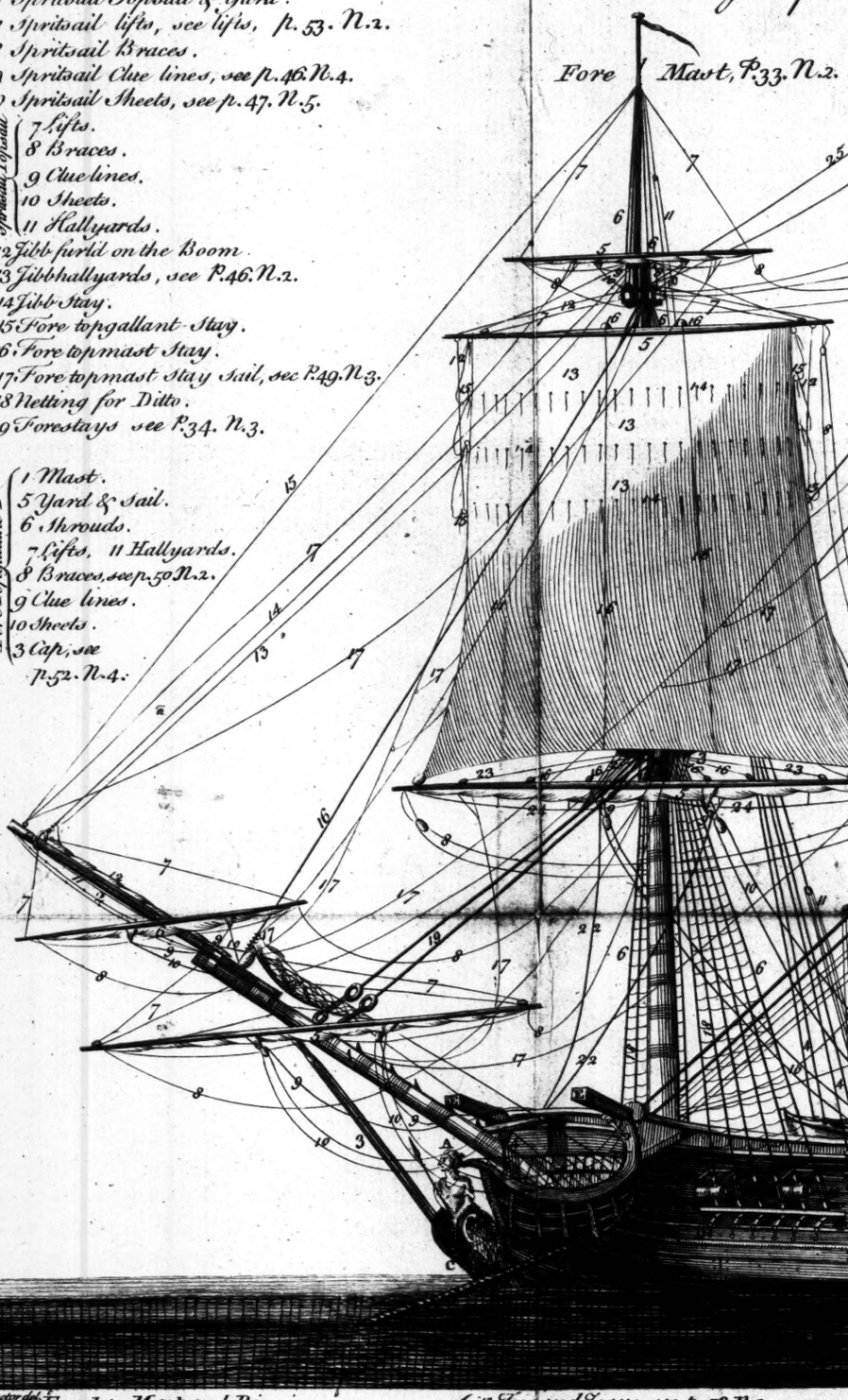
Elevation of a Merchan

Masts, Yards, Sails &

more particularly designed for

which is the Subject of th

Fore Mast, P. 33. N. 2.



Bowsprit and Rigging.

1 Bowsprit, see Note 3, page 34.
2 Jibb boom & Horses.
3 Bobb stays.
4 Gammoning.
5 Spritsail & Yard, see p. 33. N. 3.
6 Spritsail Topsail & Yard.
7 Spritsail lifts, see lifts, p. 53. N. 2.
8 Spritsail Braces.
9 Spritsail Clue lines, see p. 46. N. 4.
10 Spritsail Sheets, see p. 47. N. 5.

Spritsail Topsail
- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 9 Clue lines.
- 10 Sheets.
- 11 Hallyards.

12 Jibb furld on the Boom.
13 Jibb hallyards, see P. 46. N. 2.
14 Jibb Stay.
15 Fore topgallant Stay.
16 Fore topmast Stay.
17 Fore topmast Stay Sail, see P. 49. N. 3.
18 Netting for Ditto.
19 Forestays see P. 34. N. 3.

Fore Topgallant
- 1 Mast.
- 5 Yard & Sail.
- 6 Shrouds.
- 7 Lifts, 11 Hallyards.
- 8 Braces, see p. 50 N. 2.
- 9 Clue lines.
- 10 Sheets.
- 3 Cap, see p. 52. N. 4.

Auctor del.

Foretop Mast and Rigging.

3 Cross trees.
6 Shrouds. 11 Staysail Hallyards
4 Back Stays, see p. 52. N. 6.
5 Yard & Sail Hoisted.

Fore Topsail.
- 7 Lifts, see p. 53. N. 2.
- 8 Braces, see p. 50. N. 2.
- 9 Clue-lines.
- 12 Reef Tackles, see p. 46 N. 5.
- 13 Reefs, see p. 44. N. 3.
- 14 Points, ibid.
- 15 Earings, see p. 47. N. 1.
- 16 Bunt-lines, see p. 49. N. 5.
- 11 Hallyards.
- 17 Bow-lines, see p. 46. N. 3.

Fore Mast and Rigging.

Fore
- 5 Yard & Sail. 21 Cronfoot.
- 6 Shrouds, see P. 56. N. 6.
- 18 Rattlings. 3 Top.
- 19 Pannyards. 20 Dead eyes.

Fore
- 11 Tye and Jears, see p. 56. N. 3.
- 22 Tacks, see p. 47. N. 5.
- 10 Sheets.
- 9 Clue-Garnetts, see p. 47. N. 4.
- 16 Bunt-lines.
- 23 Leesh-lines, see p. 51. N. 1.
- 17 Bow-lines.
- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces.
- 24 Horses and Stirrups.

Maintop-gallant
- 1 Mast.
- 5 Yard & Sail.
- 6 Shrouds.
- 7 Lifts.
- 8 Braces. 17 Bowlines.
- 9 Clue lines.
- 10 Sheets.
- 2 Cap, see p. 52. N. 4.
- 25 Stay. 11 Staysail Hallyards.
- 11 Hallyards.

erchant-Ship with all her Sails & Rigging.

igned for that ect of the Poem.

Main Mast, P. 33. N. 2.

P. 33. N. 2.

Mizen Topgallant
1 Mast.
5 Yard & Sail, see P. 33. N. 3.
6 Shrouds.
7 Lifts.
8 Braces.
9 Clue-lines.
10 Sheets.
2 Cap.
25 Stay.

Mizen Topmast & Rigging.
3 Cross Trees.
25 Stay and Staysail Hallyards.
6 Shrouds.
4 Back Stays
5 Yard and Sail.

Mizen Topsail
7 Lifts.
8 Braces.
9 Clue-lines.
16 Bunt-lines.
10 Sheets.
17 Bow-lines.
11 Hallyards.

Mizen Mast P. 33. N. 2.

Mizen Mast & Rigging.
5 Yard & Sail.
3 Top.
25 Stay.
26 Stay Sail, see P. 35. N. 2.
6 Shrouds.
27 Brails, see P. 51. N. 5.
10 Sheet & reef, see P. 60 N. 4.
5 Cross Jack Yard.
21 Cron. foot.
19 Lanyards, see P. 76 N. 9.

Maintop Mast & Rigging.
3 Cross trees. 25 Middles, staysail stay & Hallyards.
6 Shrouds, 4 Back Stays.
25 Stay, & Stay sail Hallyards.
5 Yard & Sail

Maintopsail
7 Lifts.
8 Braces.
9 Clue-lines. 10 Sheets.
16 Bunt-lines.
11 Hallyards.
17 Bow-lines. 12 Reef Tackles.

Main Mast & Rigging.

Main
5 Yard & Sail.
6 Shrouds.
18 Rattlings. 21. Cronfoot.
25 Stay. 3 Top.
19 Lanyards. 20 Deadeyes.
11 Tye and Jears.
22 Tacks, see p. 47. N. 5.
10 Sheets, ibid.

Main
9 Clue-Garnetts, see p. 47. N. 4.
16 Bunt-lines, see p. 49 N. 5.
23 Leech-lines.
17 Bow-lines.
7 Lifts.
8 Braces.
24 Horses and Stirrups.

J. Bayly.

Parts of the Hull
A. Head.
B. Rails.
C. Cutt Water
D. Bow, see P. 33. N. 1. & Chains see p. 38.
E. Catt Heads. F Boat on the Booms, see p. 53
G. Chess-Tree, see p. 51. N. 5.
H Quarter, see p. 39. N. 1.
I. Taffarel.
K. Poop. L. Poop Lanthorn.
M. Ensign.
N. Companion, see p. 63. N. 1.
O. Binnacle, see p. 63. N. 2.
P. Wheel, see p. 85. R. Hawse Hole.

Deep midnight now inveſts the livid ſkies,
When eaſtern breezes, yet enervate, riſe;
The pale-orb'd moon diffuſing watery rays,
Gleam'd o'er protracted clouds and ambient haze;
A mighty halo round her ſilver throne,
With parting meteors croſt, portentous ſhone.
This oft the prelude of tempeſtuous gales
Is deem'd, but here th' ethereal menace fails.
The chief was call'd, the ſailors rous'd from ſleep,
At his command unmoor the fetter'd ſhip:
They fix the bars, and heave the windlaſs round,
At every turn the clattering pawls reſound.
The anchor from it's hold uprooted, now
Drag'd by it's cable, ſtrikes the lofty bow *.
High on the ſlippery maſts † the yards ‡ aſcend,
And far abroad the canvaſs wings extend.

* Bows are the round parts of the ſhip's outſide forward, from where the planks begin to bend till they cloſe at the ſtem: this word is pronounced like the bough of a tree. The cable is wound in by a roller, hence called a windlaſs, which is prevented from turning back by ſtrong pawls of wood and iron.

† In all ſhips there are three maſts in one length, viz. the lower-maſt, the top-maſt, and top-gallant-maſt; the laſt of which reſts upon the head of the top-maſt, as the top-maſt does at the head of the lower-maſt; ſo that theſe two upper can at any time be let down to make the ſhip hold the leſs quantity of wind when ſhe rides at anchor in a ſtorm, &c.

‡ Yards are long poles, tapering from the middle to each end, whoſe uſes are to extend the upper part of the ſquare ſails.

Along the glaſſy plain the veſſel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her ſides:
The floating rays in long reflection gleam,
With ſilver deluging the fluid ſtream.
Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then round th' Egyptian quarter die away.
A calm enſues, adjacent ſhores they dread,
The boats, with rowers mann'd, are ſent a-head*,
With tow-ropes † faſten'd to the ‡ bowſprit's end;
Their ſweeping oars, the luſty crew extend;
Succeſs attends their ſkill, the danger's o'er,
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn, with gradual pace, advanc'd on high,
Whitening with orient beam the twilight ſky:
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning ſtern, and wrapt in ſullen ſhade.

* A-head, any diſtance before the ſhip.

† Tow-ropes have one end faſtened to the foremoſt parts of the ſhip, and the other to the boat-ſterns, to drag the ſhip along, by rowing in the boats: Towing is chiefly uſed when a ſhip, for want of wind, is forced toward the ſhore by the ſwell of the ſea.

‡ Bow-ſprit is a boom or maſt which projects over the ſtem: it's uſe is to carry ſail in the fore-end of the ſhip, to counter-ballance the ſail that is ſet abaft, or in the hinder part; and likewiſe to ſupport the fore-maſt by ropes which ſtretch from the maſt-head to the Bowſprit-end, called ſtays.

Above incumbent miſts tall Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the ſight.
North-eaſt a league, the iſle of Standia bears;
And weſtward, Freſchin's woody cape appears.

In diſtant angles, while the tranſient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging ſails;
The drowſy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it ſweeps the main.
Now ſwelling ſtu'n-ſails * on each ſide extend,
Theſe ſoon diſmiſt, the ſtay-ſails † next aſcend:
While all to fit the veering winds are plac'd,
With yards alternate ſquare ‡ and ſharply brac'd.

The dim horizon ſettled vapors ſhrowd,
And now the ſun appear'd above the cloud:
Thro the wide atmoſphere, condenſt with haze,
His glaring orb emits a ſanguine blaze.

* Studding, or ſteering-ſails are long, narrow ſails, ſet only in fine weather and fair winds, on the out-ſide of the larger ſquare ſails.

† Stay-ſails are three-cornered ſails, which are hoiſted up on the ſtays, as a curtain runs on its rod, fitted to ſtand on a ſide or quartering wind.

‡ Yards are ſaid to be ſquare, when they hang right acroſs the ſhip, and braced, when they form greater or leſs angles with her length.

The Pilots now their Azimuth attend,
On which all courſes, duly form'd, depend:
The compaſs and the octant ready lay,
Reflecting planes and incident, ſurvey;
Along the arch, the gradual index ſlides,
And PHOEBUS down the vertic' circle glides:
Now ſeen on ocean's utmoſt verge to ſwim,
He ſweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Thus height and polar diſtance is obtain'd,
Then latitude and declination gain'd;
In chiliads next, th' analogy is ſought,
And on the ſinical triangle wrought.
By this, magnetic variance is explor'd,
Juſt angles known, and polar truth reſtor'd.

The natives, while the ſhip departs their land,
Aſhore, with admiration gazing ſtand.
Majeſtically ſlow, before the breeze,
She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding ſeas.
Her bottom thro tranſlucent waters ſhone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending wales, their contraſt next diſplay'd,
All * fore and aft in poliſh'd jet array'd.

* From one end of the ſhip to the other.

BRI-

BRITANNIA riding awful at the head,
Sat on the blended croſs of white and red:
The convex ſides then far above the ſtream,
Reflect thro pine-tree gum the ſolar beam:
Th' artillery there in two protruded tiers,
Fell, dark, terrific! to the ſight appears.
Vermilion armors all the tops inveſt,
And martial trophies either quarter dreſt.
Then tower'd the maſts, and lofty ſails on high,
Where looſe in air, the floating ſtreamers fly;
Thus gay, thus beautiful ſhe cleav'd the main,
The pride and wonder of the watery reign.

But now, beneath the lofty veſſel's ſtern *,
A ſhoal of ſportive dolphins they diſcern,
Beaming from burniſh'd ſcales refulgent rays,
While all the glowing ocean ſeems to blaze:
In curling wreathes they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward ſwiftly glide:
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in ſilver ſtreams along the liquid plain.

* Stern, the hindermoſt or aftmoſt parts of a ſhip on the outſide.

Soon,

Soon, to the ſport of death, the crew repair,
Dart the barb'd ſteel, or ſpread the baited ſnare.
One, unſuſpicious, glides below the chains *,
And wheels along beneath the pointed grains;
A ſkilful markſman o'er his head ſuſpends
The forky prongs, and every turn attends.
Unerring aim'd, the miſſile weapon flew,
And, plunging, ſtrikes the trembling victim thro:
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk ſuſtain;
He ſtrives to diſengage himſelf in vain;
But, as on deck th' approach of death, he feels,
And flitting life eſcapes in ſanguine rills,
What radiant changes ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd ſight!
What glowing hues of mingled ſhade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid Weſt,
With parting beams, all o'er divinely dreſt;
Not lovelier colors paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamel'd lawn,
Than, from his ſides, in bright effuſion flow,
That, now in gold empyreal ſeem to glow;

* Chains are ſtrong plates or links of iron bolted to the timbers on each ſide all the maſts, to which the ſhrouds of the maſts are faſtened. (See Shrouds, Canto 2d.) There is a large plank, or thick ſcaffold placed edgeways on the ſhip's ſide, thro which they paſs, in order to keep the ſhrouds off the upper rails and gunnels. (See Gunnels, page 44.)

Now

Now in pellucid ſapphires ſtrike the view,
And emulate the bright celeſtial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimſon on the eye,
And now aſſume the purple's deeper dye.
But here, deſcription makes each beauty leſs:
What terms of Art can Nature's pow'rs expreſs?

O'er the ſmooth boſom of the faithleſs tides,
Propel'd by flattering gales, the veſſel glides.
Tall Ida's ſummit now more diſtant grew,
And Jove's high hill was riſing to the view;
When, on the larboard quarter *, they deſcry
A liquid column †, towring, ſhoot on high:
The foaming baſe extends an ample ſweep,
Where rolling billows wake the frighted deep:
The fluid vortex in rotation flies,
Diffuſing briny vapors o'er the ſkies.
This vaſt phenomenon, whoſe lofty head
In heavens immerſt, embracing clouds o'erſpread,

* Quarters are thoſe parts on the outſide of the ſhip that reach from a-breaſt of the mizen-maſt to the aftmoſt end or ſtern: the larboard is the left ſide.

† For an accurate deſcription of a water-ſpout, the reader is referred to Chambers's Dictionary.

In ſpiral motion firſt, as ſeamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind ſweeps the ſtream.
(The ſwift volution, and th' enormous train,
Let phyſical hypotheſes explain!)
The horrid apparition now draws nigh,
And all around the whirling billows fly.
The guns are prim'd; the veſſel northward veers,
Till her charg'd broadſide on it's center bears;
The nitre fires; ſhock'd by the thundering ſound,
The air convulſive, quivers all around,
And ſudden, as the noiſe purſu'd the flame,
Wide-burſting, down the horrid figure came:
Th' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
And, felt with ſwift recoil her ſurges ſwell:
But ſoon, this tranſient undulation o'er,
The ſea ſubſides, the whirlwinds rage no more.

More ſouthward now, th' increaſing breezes veer,
And o'er th' horizon lybic clouds appear:
A-head they ſee the conſecrated grove
Of cypreſs, ſacred once to Cretan JOVE.
The ſhip, beneath her lofty preſſure, reels,
And to the freſhening gale ſtill deeper heels *:

* Heeling is inclining to either ſide,

The lighter ſails, for ſummer winds and ſeas,
Are now diſmiſt, the ſtraining maſts to eaſe:
Swift on the deck the ſtu'n-ſails all deſcend,
Where ready ſeamen from the yards unbend *.
The boats then hoiſted in are fixt aboard,
And on the deck with faſtening gripes † ſecur'd.
Cape Spado riſing forward they diſcern,
And leave the leſſening mount of JOVE a-ſtern.

* To unbend, is to take the ſail off from it's yard.

† Gripes are the ropes with which the boats are faſtened to ring-bolts in the deck, to prevent their being toſſed about by the rocking of the ſhip.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

The ſhip's progreſs continued—Gale ſtrengthens—Topſails reefed—Laſt appearance, bearing and diſtance of Cape Spado——*Reflection at leaving the land——Sea riſes ——A ſquall——Topſails double-reefed——Mainſail ſplit——Ship bears away before the wind——Again hauls upon the wind—Another mainſail bent and ſet—Very ſtrong gale—Topſails furled—Top-gallant-yards ſent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-ſet—Courſes reefed—Four ſeamen loſt off the lee main-yard-arm—Great anxiety of the pilots, in being near a lee-ſhore—Gallant behaviour of the ſailors—A wave burſts over the deck—It's conſequences—The ſhip labors in great diſtreſs—Guns thrown overboard—Diſmal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous ſea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Conſultation and reſolution of the officers—Speech and advice of* ALBERT *to the crew—The fore-ſtay-ſail hoiſted and ſplit—The head-yards braced aback—The mizen-maſt cut away.*

THE

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

THE powerful ſails with ſteddy breezes ſwell'd,
Swift and more ſwift the yielding bark propel'd:
Acroſs her ſtem the parting waters run,
As clouds by tempeſts wafted, paſs the ſun.
Impatient thus, ſhe darts along the ſhore,
Till Ida's mount and Jove's are ſeen no more;
And, while a-breaſt of Retimo ſhe ſteers,
A-head Malacha's prominence appears.
Behind it's iſthmus ſtands the cypreſs-grove,
Of old devoted to ſuperior Jove.
Here too the ruins of a tomb remain,
Suppos'd the monarch's aſhes to contain.
This gloomy tyrant, whoſe deſpotic ſway
Compel'd the trembling nations to obey,
For inceſt, rape and cruelty, renown'd,
The Muſes with eternal honor crown'd;

For they too oft in proſtituted lays,
To worthleſs princes give eternal praiſe.
Still Greece and Rome record his endleſs fame,
And hence yon mountain ſtill retains his name.

But ſee! in confluence born before the blaſt,
A rolling duſk of clouds the noon o'ercaſt,
In dreadful length diffus'd; the winds ariſe,
And ſwift the ſcud in dark ſucceſſion flies.
On high, the cracking maſts alternate bend,
Below, the leeward-gunnels * deep depend.
The Maſter calls, to give the ſhip relief,
The topſails † lower, and form a ſingle reef ‡:
Along each maſt the yards deſcend amain,
Are man'd and reeft, then ſent aloft again.

* Gunnels, or Gun-wales, are the upper edges of the ſhip's ſide.

† Topſails are large ſquare ſails, of the ſecond degree in magnitude and height, as the courſes are of the firſt in magnitude, and the loweſt.

‡ Reefs are certain ſpaces or diviſions of the ſail which are taken in or let out in proportion to the increaſe or diminution of the wind: in a ſquare ſail they are placed parallel to the upper edge below one another, each containing about a ſeventh part of it's depth, and are thus formed; at the bottom of each diviſion there is a row of holes, ſtretching acroſs the ſail, through which are inſerted a number of platted ropes, called points, in length each about twice the circumference of the yard, and theſe bind the intermediate ſpace of canvaſs in plaits cloſe up to the yard, from end to end; the ſail being lowered ſlack down, for that purpoſe.

The

The ſhore of Candia diſtant now appears;
And nine leagues weſt-ſouth-weſt Cape Spado * bears.

Adieu! ye pleaſures of the ſylvan ſcene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell ſerene.
To me in vain on earth's prolific ſoil,
With ſummer crown'd, th' Elyſian vallies ſmile.
To me thoſe happy realms no joy impart,
But tantalize with pain my aching heart.
For them, alas! reluctant, I forego
To viſit ſtorms and elements of woe.
Ye ſympathetic tempeſts hither come,
And, o'er my ſoul, expand your ſullen gloom!
In diſmal progreſs, lo! they hover near.—
Hail, ſocial horrors! like my fate ſevere.
Come hither too, Companions of the ſea!
And fearleſs view this awful ſcene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye brave aſſertors of her ſacred cauſe!
The Muſe invites you, judge if ſhe depart
Unequal, from your thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conſcious of her power,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour.

* See the chart.

For

For this alone of all the warlike train,
That joyleſs wander o'er the deſart main.
Her voice, attempting themes before unknown
To Muſic, ſings diſtreſſes all her own.

Now heaving to the North in wide career,
The ſeas ſurrounding Candia's end appear.
The ſun, retreated from the line of noon,
Far diſtant in Atlantic regions ſhone.
Succeeding clouds th' ethereal cope invade,
And wrap his waning orb in diſmal ſhade;
A lowring ſquall obſcures the ſouthern ſky,
Before whoſe ſweeping breath the waters fly;
The topſails can no more it's weight ſuſtain;
At ev'ry hatchway *, "reef!" they call again:
The halyards †, and top-bowlines ‡, ſoon are gone;
To clue-lines § and reef-tackles ‖ next they run;

* Hatchways are ſquare holes in the decks to paſs up and down through, and likewiſe to take in and deliver the cargo by.

† Halyards are thoſe ropes or tackles by which the ſails are hoiſted up and lowered down, on the maſts and ſtays.

‡ Bow-lines are ropes faſtened to the outer edge or leech of the ſquare-ſails in three different places: their uſes are to bind the weather or windward-edge of the ſail tight forward on a ſide-wind, to keep it from ſhivering.

§ Clue-lines are ropes faſtened to the clues, or lower-corners of the ſquare-ſails: their uſes are to draw each clue up to the yards, for the more eaſy furling or reefing the ſails.

‖ Reef-tackles are ropes which run through holes at each top-ſail-yard-end, and are faſtened down on the edge or leech of the ſail, juſt beneath the loweſt reef; by hauling theſe up, the reef-band,

The ſhivering ſails deſcend; the yards are ſquare;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:
The weather earings *, and the lee, they paſt;
The reef enfolded, and the points made faſt.
Thus ſoon their buſineſs finiſh'd, they deſcend,
And, vigilant, th' approaching ſquall attend.
It comes, and lo! beneath it's boiſterous rage,
All foaming white, the hoſtile waves engage:
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And ſtorm and cataracts tempeſtuous blend;
In deep careen † the cracking veſſel falls;
" Brail up the mizen ‡ quick!" the Maſter calls:
" Man the clue-garnets §, let the main-ſheet ‖ fly!"—
It rends in thouſand ſhivering ſhreds on high!

band, which contains the holes, is bound cloſe up to the yard, for the more readily tying the points.

* Earings are ſmall lines faſtened to holes at the extreme parts of the reefs and head-ropes: the method of paſſing them is, by taking ſix or ſeven turns round the yard-end, each turn being inſerted through the hole, which is called a cringle.

† Careening is lying down on either ſide.

‡ The mizen is a large ſail bent to the mizen-maſt, of an oblong figure, only that the upper-end of it is peaked or ſloped: it is commonly reckoned one of the courſes, which are main-ſail, fore-ſail, mizen and fore-ſtay-ſail; but chiefly the main-ſail and fore-ſail *.

§ Clue-garnets are the ſame to the main-ſail and fore-ſail, which the clue-lines are to all other ſquare-ſails, and are hauled up when the ſail is to be furled or brailed.

‖ Sheets are the ropes that extend the bottoms of all ſails and

* For the effect which this operation produces on the ſhip, the reader is referred to the laſt note of this canto.

are

The main-ſail all in ſtreaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar:
The ſhip ſtill labors in th' oppreſſive ſtrain,
Low-bending, as if ne'er to riſe again:
"Heave up the helm a-weather*!" Rodmond cries,
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies!
She feels it's guiding power and veers apace;
The fore-yard now directly ſquare they brace:
Coercive ſheets reſtrain th' inflated ſail,
That ſpreads an ample concave to the gale.
While o'er the foam, the ſhip impetuous flies,
The helm th' attentive Timoneer † applies:
As in purſuit along th' aërial way,
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the fluid ſpace:
Thus, govern'd by the ſteerſman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion ſtill commands.

are faſtened to the clues or corners: to the main-ſail and fore-ſail there is a ſheet and tack on each ſide; the tack always being faſt to windward cloſe down to the gunnel, and the ſheet ſtretched aft to leeward: tacks are only uſed on a ſide-wind.

* The reaſon of putting the helm a-weather, or to the ſide next the wind, is to make the ſhip veer before it, when it blows ſo hard that ſhe cannot bear her ſide to it any longer.

† Timoneer, (from Timon, Ital. the Helm) the Steerſman.

But now, to leeward paſt th' exhauſted ſquall,
Their fear's diſpell'd, again the wind they haul *;
The helm to ſtarboard † moves, each ſhivering ſail
Is ſharply trim'd, to claſp th' augmenting gale;
The mizen draws; ſhe ſprings aloof once more,
And the fore-ſtay-ſail ‡ balances before:
The fore-yard then, with nervous arms is brac'd,
Whoſe larboard-tack is haul'd along the waiſt;
Next, on the ſtretching ſheet the ſeamen bend,
Then, haul the bow-line to the bowſprit's § end.
To topſails now they ply; each bunt-line's ‖ gone,
Thro rattling blocks ** the clue-lines ſwiftly run;

* To haul the wind is to bring the ſhip's ſide to it, after ſhe had been running more before it.

† The helm a-ſtarboard directs the ſhip's head to the left or to port, and è contra; hence, the ſhip running northward before the wind, the helm put a-ſtarboard brings her ſtem weſtward.

‡ Vulgarly ſo called, but properly the fore-top-maſt-ſtay-ſail, is a three-cornered ſail that runs upon the fore-top-maſt-ſtay over the bowſprit: it's uſe is to command the fore-part of the ſhip, as the mizen commands the hinder or after-part, and balance each other: thus if a ſhip wants to cling the wind with her ſide, the mizen is ſet and the ſtay ſail down: and if ſhe wants to veer, the ſtay-ſail is hoiſted and the mizen brail'd up, &c.

§ The fore and fore-top-ſail bow-lines are ſtretched to the bowſprit's end.

‖ Bunt-lines are ropes which paſs up behind each yard, and, leading through a block or pully, reach down before their reſpective ſails, to the bottom of which they are faſtened: their uſe is to haul the foot of the ſail cloſe up to the yard, when it is to be brailed or furled.

** Blocks are pieces of wood, hollowed ſo as to receive a little wheel or ſheave within, on the edge of which the ropes run: they are ſo ſituate in different parts of the ſhip, as to command moſt of the neceſſary mechaniſm aloft, by hauling different ropes on deck.

Th' extending ſheets on either ſide are man'd,
Abroad they come, the fluttering ſails expand.
The yards again aſcend each comrade maſt;
The leeches * taught, the halyards are made faſt;
The bow lines haul'd, and yards to ſtarboard brac'd †;
And ſtraggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.

As when, by hunters gall'd, a mountain boar
The cultur'd glebes, and vineyards, ruſhes oer;
Reſiſtleſs, forces thro each fencing bound,
Tears up the ſprouts, and tramples to the ground
The tender vines and ſhooting plants around;
The laboring planter, with aſſiduous care,
Attempts by props their drooping limbs to rear;
New grafts th' uprooted ſhrubs, in juſt array,
And from his grounds, the ruins clears away.

The main-ſail, by the ſquall ſo lately rent,
In ſtreaming pendants flying, is unbent:

* It has been ſaid before that the leeches are the edges of the ſail, which reach up and down, and are conſequently made ſtreight or taught when the ſail is hoiſted.

† Braces are the ropes that traverſe or turn the yard on either ſide the maſt: the yards are braced to ſtarboard when the ſtarboard-brace is hauled in, and è contra.

With

With brails * refixt another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending ſpreads along beneath the yard:
To each yard-arm the head-rope † they extend,
And ſoon the earings and the robands ‡ bend.
That taſk perform'd, they firſt the braces § ſlack,
Then, to the cheſſtree ‖, bring aboard the tack:
And, while the lee-clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet they tally ** and belay.

Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempeſt grows;
South and by Weſt the threatening tempeſt blows.
Auſter's reſiſtleſs force all air invades,
And every rolling wave more ample ſpreads.
The ſhip no longer can her topſails bear,
No hopes of milder weather now appear:

* Brails are the clue-lines, bunt-lines and leech-lines: their uſes are to haul the clues, leeches and bottoms of the ſail cloſe up to the yard; and this is called brailing up, which I have taken the liberty to call embrailing.

† Head-rope is that to which the upper part of the ſail is ſewed. (See Bolt-rope, p. 61.)

‡ Rope-bands, or robands, are ſmall ropes of a length that will take three turns round the yard: they are paſſed through holes under the head rope to faſten it to the yard.

§ Becauſe the lee-brace confines the yard, ſo that the tack cannot come down till the braces are caſt off.

‖ Cheſſtree is a piece of wood which ſtands up and down edgeways, bolted to the ſhip's ſide: there is a large hole in it, through which the tack is paſſed, and when the clue of the ſail comes down to it, the tack is ſaid to be aboard.

** Tally is a phraſe particularly uſed for hauling aft the ſheets: to belay is to make faſt.

Bow-lines and halyards are caſt off again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and ſheets let fly amain:
Embrail'd * each topſail, and by braces ſquar'd,
The ſailors climb aloft and man each yard.
Around the ſail the gaſkets † are convey'd,
And rolling-tackles ‡ to the cap § belay'd:
The yards to point the wind by ſome are brac'd;
Some to ſend down top-gallant-yards ‖ are plac'd;
Some travellers up the weather-back-ſtays ** ſend;
At each maſt-head the top-ropes †† others bend;

* Clued-up is the ſame with embrailed.

† Gaſkets are platted ropes to wrap round the ſails, which is called furling them.

‡ A rolling-tackle is a rope paſſed through a ſingle and double-block, ſo that it becomes four-fold: it's uſe is to confine the yard cloſe to leeward, to keep it from galling againſt the maſt by the motion of the ſhip.

§ Caps are ſtrong, thick pieces of oak of an oblong figure, with two holes in them ſo fitted, that the hindmoſt or aftmoſt is bolted cloſe down on the lower maſt-head, and the foremoſt is for containing and keeping ſteddy the top-maſt, which ſlides up through it: and ſo of the top-gallant-maſt.

‖ It is uſual to ſend down the top-gallant-yards at the approach of a ſtorm, to eaſe the maſt-heads: they are the higheſt yards that are rigged in a ſhip.

** Back-ſtays are long ropes, reaching from the top-maſt-head to the chains, for ſecuring the top-maſts, which are the ſecond maſts in height, and ſtand at the head of each lower maſt, as the top-gallant-maſt ſtands at the head of the top-maſt. Travellers are large rings round the back-ſtays, with a rope, of about ſix feet long, faſt to each; which being faſtened to the top-gallant-yard-arms, confine them to the back ſtays when they are hoiſted and lowered, to prevent them from ſwinging amongſt the rigging.

†† Top-ropes are thoſe by which yards and maſts are hoiſted and lowered.

The

The parrels *, lifts † and clue-lines ſoon are gone,
Topt ‡, and unrigg'd, they down the back-ſtays run:
The yards ſecure along the booms § were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
All too clear'd up below, from toil and pain
The ſailors hope an interval in vain;
Fain harraſt Nature would a reſpite crave,
And damp the glowing ardor of the brave:
But with redoubling force the tempeſts blow,
And watery hills in dread ſucceſſion flow.
With diſmal aſpect lowers th' extended ſcene,
New troubles, freſh difficulties convene:

* Parrels are thoſe ropes by which the yards are faſtened to the maſts; being ſo paſſed round both, that the yard ſlides with eaſe up and down the maſt as occaſion requires: they are of three ſeveral kinds, a particular definition of which is immaterial here, as they are all conſtructed to ſerve the ſame purpoſe.

† Lifts are ropes which reach from each maſt-head to their reſpective yard-arms; as, from the lower maſt-heads to the lower yard-arms, and from the top-maſt-heads to the top-ſail-yard-arms, &c. to ſuſtain the weight of the yard when it is manned.

‡ A yard is ſaid to be topped, when one lift is ſlacked and the other hauled in, ſo that it forms greater or leſs angles with the maſt; and here, all the rigging being taken off from the top-gallant-yards, they are topped up and down, and a traveller faſtened to each end, in order to ſlide down the back-ſtays, as they are lowered by the top-ropes.

§ Booms are ſpare maſts or yards, which remain ready on deck to ſupply the places of thoſe that may be carried away aloft by ſtreſs of weather, &c.

No ſeaſon this from duty to deſcend!
All hands on deck muſt now the ſtorm attend.

His race perform'd, the ſacred king of day
Now dipt in weſtern clouds his parting ray;
His languid fires, half-loſt in ambient haze,
Refract along the duſk a crimſon blaze:
Till deep immerg'd, the ſickening lamp deſcends,
And cheerleſs Night, o'er heaven her reign extends.
No ray of friendly light is ſeen around;
The moon and ſtars in total ſhade are drown'd.

The ſhip no longer can whole courſes bear,
To reef them now becomes the Maſter's care:
The ſailors, ſummon'd aft, all ready ſtand,
And man th' enfolding brails at his command——
But here the doubtful officers diſpute
Till ſkill and judgment prejudice confute.
For RODMOND *, to new methods ſtill a foe,
Would firſt, at all events, the ſheet let go:

* This is particularly mentioned here, not becauſe there was or could be any diſpute at ſuch a time between a maſter of a ſhip and his chief-mate, as the former can always command the latter; but to expoſe the obſtinacy of a number of our veteran officers, who would rather riſk every thing than forego their ancient rules, altho many of them are in the higheſt degree equally abſurd and dan-

To long-try'd maxims obſtinately warm,
Not even conviction his diſputes unarm.
This, ALBERT and ARION diſapprove,
And firſt to brail the tack up, firmly move.
" The Mariner in true experience try'd
" This fatal method ever will avoid:
" Who would ſecure with art the fluttering ſail
" Should never firſt, the lee-yard-arm embrail,
" Should we, our canvaſs ſhivering then all o'er,
" Another ſail immediate might be tore."
So ALBERT ſpoke, to windward at his call
Some ſeamen the clue-garnet ſtand to haul,
The tack's * eas'd off—involv'd the doubling clue,
Between the pendent blocks, aſcending flew.
The ſheet and weather-brace † they now ſtand by,
Bunt-lines and lee-clue garnet next apply;

dangerous. It is undoubtedly to the wonderful ſagacity of theſe connoiſſeurs that we owe the truly Engliſh ſea-maxims, of avoiding to whiſtle in a ſtorm, becauſe it will increaſe the wind; of whiſtling on the wind in a calm: of nailing horſe-ſhoes on the maſt, to prevent the power of witches: of nailing a fair wind to the ſtarboard cat-head, that it may continue the whole voyage, &c. &c.

* It has before been obſerved, that the tack is always faſtened to windward; therefore when the tack is caſt off, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the clue or corner of the ſail immediately mounts to the yard, which muſt be carefully done in a ſtorm, to preſerve the ſail.

† It is neceſſary immediately to haul in the weather-brace here, when the ſheet is gone, to keep the ſail from tearing.

Then

Then all prepar'd, "let go the ſheet!" he cries—
Loud rattling, jarring! thro the blocks it flies,
Beneath the lee-yard-arm expanding fills,
Till cloſe embrail'd and ſquar'd the belly ſpills *.
The fore-ſail then ſecur'd, with equal care,
Again to reef the main-ſail they repair.
While ſome, above the yard, o'er-haul the tye,
Below, the down-haul tackle † others ply.
Jears ‡, lifts and brails, a ſeaman each attends:
Along the maſt it's mighty yard deſcends!
Now down ſufficient, they ſecurely brace;
The down-haul for a rolling-tackle § place
The earings and the reef-lines ‖ are prepar'd,
Then, climbing pliant ſhrouds **, they man the yard.

* To ſpill a ſail is to confine it from ſwelling out over the yard, and is done by bracing it ſo that the wind lays it flat againſt the maſt; which is called bracing it a-back.

† The violence of the wind forces the yard ſo much out, that it is neceſſary to hook a tackle to it (called by the above name) to haul it down, for the more conveniently reefing the ſail.

‡ Jears, to the fore-ſail, main-ſail and mizen, are the ſame as halyards to all other ſails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

§ When the yard is down, the rolling-tackle is ſhifted; and one end being hooked to the maſt, the other is hooked to the weather yard-arm and drawn tight, to keep the yard from ſwinging, ſo as to gall by it's friction againſt the maſt and ſhrouds.

‖ Reef-lines are uſed to the courſes only, and are paſſed in ſpiral turns through the holes, and over the head of the ſail ſucceſſively, till they reach the extremes of the reef, and then being hauled taught, draw it up to the yard.

** Shrouds are thick ropes ſtretching from the maſt-heads down to both outſides of the ſhip, and are the chief ſupport of the maſt:

At whoſe extremes appear two able hands,
For no inferior ſkill this taſk demands,
To windward, foremoſt, young ARION ſtrides,
The lee-yard-arm the gallant Boatſwain rides.
The earings to the cringles firſt they bend,
The reef-band * then with ſinewy arms extend;
Around the yard the circling ends are paſt,
And ſoon the outer-turns †, and inner faſt:
The reef-lines next, from hand to hand receiv'd,
Thro' eye-lid-holes and roband-legs are reev'd ‡;
The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.

they are doubled, and the bight or middle being clapped over the maſt-head, the two lower ends are drawn taught down to the chains by lannyards.

* The reef-band is a long piece of canvaſs ſewed acroſs the ſail, for ſtrengthening it in the place where the reef-holes or eye-lid holes are made, which paſs through the band.

† The outer-turns are for ſtretching the reef taught along the yard: the inner-turns are to bind it cloſe up to the yard.

‡ I am ſufficiently ſenſible of the difficulty of explaining this operation to a land-reader, as there is no method to explain one term of art, but by ſome others, which is ſtill leading the mind into greater labyrinths, as the ideas become more complex: I ſhall, however, attempt to make it intelligible by a familiar object. Suppoſe a curtain extended on a rod with a row of holes parallel to it's upper part, and a weight of lead ſtretching out the bottom of it, if a line is paſſed thro the holes in the parallel row, and then over the top of the curtain alternately, it is eaſy to conceive, that by drawing this line tight, it will draw up a great part of it: but that the line may not ſtrain the upper ridge of the curtain, it muſt be paſſed thro the rings, which are more able to ſuſtain the weight that hangs at the bottom. Note, *the reaſon of mentioning a piece of lead being hung below, is to perform the ſame operation that the force of wind does on a ſail.*

Hadſt thou, ARION! then to leeward been,
Eternal darkneſs might have clos'd our ſcene;
But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date
Severer ills to ſuffer and relate!

For while aloft the order they attend,
To furl the mainſail or on deck deſcend,
A wave high-heaving with ſtupendous roll,
To inſtant ruin ſeems to doom the hull*;
"O friends, ſecure your hold!" ARRON cries,
It comes all dreadful! down the veſſel lies
Half bury'd ſideways! while beneath it toſt
Four ſeamen off the lee yard-arm are loſt;
Torn with reſiſtleſs fury from their hold,
In vain their ſtruggling arms the yard enfold;
In vain to grapple pendent ropes they try,
The ropes alas! a ſolid gripe deny:
Daſht on the flood, they cry and pant for breath,
Call oft for aid and fain would combat death.
Th' impetuous waters booming o'er them ſweep,
And down they ſink to everlaſting ſleep.

* The hull is the body of the ſhip.

Un-

Unable to aſſiſt, their comrades ſee
The fated victims die beneath the lee,
With ſocial ſorrow their loſt ſtate bemoan,
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In ſad ſuſpence on deck the Pilots ſtand,
Nor can determine on the next command:
Surrounding dangers now they ponder o'er;
A ſtorm, a lofty ſea, and leeward ſhore!
" Should they, tho reeft, again the ſails extend,
" Again, in ſhivering ſtreamers they may rend;
" Or, ſhould they ſtand, beneath th' oppreſſive ſtrain
" The ſhip may bend, and never riſe again.
" Too late to weather * now Morea's land,
" And drifting † faſt on Grecia's rocky ſtrand."
Thus they lament the conſequence ſevere,
Where perils, unallay'd by hope, appear.
Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,
At laſt to furl the courſes they conſent:

* To weather a ſhore is to paſs on the wind-ſide of it, which could not be done here, by reaſon of the violence of the ſtorm.

† Drift is the motion and direction by which a veſſel is forced to leeward ſideways, when ſhe is unable to carry ſail any longer.

That done, to reef the mizen next apply,
Beneath it, ſidelong in the waves, to try *.

Adown the maſt the yard they lower away;
Then jears and topping-lift † ſecure belay:
Soon, o'er the head the circling canvaſs paſt ‡,
Around the yard and ſail the gaſket's paſt:
The reef § enwrapt, th' inſerted nittles ty'd,
The halyards throt ‖ and peek are next apply'd.
The order's given, the yard aloft is ſway'd;
The brails are gone; th' extended ſheet belay'd.

When ſacred ORPHEUS! on the Stygian coaſt,
In notes divine implor'd his conſort loſt,
Not more adventurous was th' attempt to move
Th' infernal powers with ſtrains of heavenly love,

* To try, is to lie broadſide to the direction of the wind and ſea in a ſtorm.

† Topping-lift is a tackle which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard.

‡ A piece of canvaſs is paſſed round the ſail here, to prevent the gaſket from cutting it when ſet; and this is called balancing the mizen.

§ The reef of the mizen is at the bottom of it, and the nittles are ſhort lines which paſſed through the reef-holes, are knotted under the foot-rope. (See Bolt-rope, p. 63.)

‖ The throt is that part of the mizen yard which is cloſe to the maſt.

Tho fates and furies fill'd the dire domain,
And tortur'd ſouls for ever mourn'd in vain;
Than mine, in ornamental verſe, to dreſs
The harſheſt ſounds that terms of Art expreſs.
Such arduous toil ſage DAEDALUS endur'd,
In mazes ſelf-invented long immur'd;
Till Genius her ſuperior aid beſtow'd
To guide him thro that intricate abode.
Thus long impriſon'd in the rugged way
Where PHOEBUS' daughters never aim'd to ſtray,
The thorny path fatigu'd I've wander'd o'er,
And now like DAEDALUS attempt to ſoar:
The verſe begins in ſmoother notes to flow,
Replete with ſad variety of woe.

As yet amid this elemental war,
Where Deſolation, in his gloomy car,
Triumphant rages round the ſtarleſs void,
And Fate on every billow ſeems to ride;
No combinations of diſtreſs appear,
To ſink the ſeamen with unmanly fear,
No future ills unknown their ſouls apall,
They know no danger or they ſcorn it all;

Tho

Tho every riſing wave more dreadful grows,
And, in ſucceſſion dire, the deck o'erflows:
They, with ſevere fatigue alone oppreſt,
Would fain indulge an interval of reſt.

Far other cares the Maſter's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes deſtroy.
In vain he ſpreads the graduated chart
And bounds the diſtance by the rules of art;
Acroſs the geometric plane expands
The compaſſes to circumjacent lands;
Ungrateful taſk! for, no aſylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward ſhore around!
While ALBERT thus, with horrid doubts diſmay'd,
The linear diſtances all o'er ſurvey'd,
On deck the watchful RODMOND calls aloud
"Secure your lives! graſp every man a ſhroud!"
Arrous'd, he mounts, impatient to explore
The cauſe, when ſudden, with tremendous roar,
A giant ſurge down ruſhes from on high,
And fore and aft diſſever'd ruins lie;
The hull all trembling, felt th' enormous ſtroke;
The boats beneath th' impetuous preſſure broke:

Torn

Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and laſhings all aſunder flew;
Companion *, binnacle †, in floating wreck,
With compaſſes and glaſſes ſtrew'd the deck;
The ballanc'd mizen rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from it's bolt-rope ‡ fled:
The ſides convulſive ſhook on groaning beams §,
And writh'd in labor, yawn'd their pitchy ſeams ‖.
They ſound the well **, and, terrible to hear!
Along the line five wetted feet appear:
At either pump they heave the claſhing brake ††,
And, turn by turn, th' ungrateful office take;

* The companion is a ſquare wooden porch, erected over the hatchway, that goes down to the cabin or apartment of the chief officers.

† The binnacle is a box which ſtands before the helm on deck, containing three diviſions, the middle one for a lamp or candle, and the other two for the compaſſes which direct the ſhip's courſe and the watch-glaſſes.

‡ The bolt-rope ſurrounds every ſail, their edges being ſewed to it: in ſquare ſails it is diſtinguiſhed by three names, viz. head-rope or upper part; leeches or ſides; and foot-ropes or bottoms.

§ Beams are ſtrong pieces of timber ſtretching acroſs the ſhip, to keep the ſides at their proper diſtance, and ſupport the decks.

‖ Becauſe the ſeams or junctions of the planks are filled with pitch, to prevent the water from penetrating the deck or ſides.

** The pump-well is an apartment in the ſhip's hold that contains the main-maſt and pumps, and is planked round, to keep the cargo clear of the pumps: it is ſounded by letting a meaſured iron rod and line down the pump, by which they know whether the leaks increaſe or diminiſh.

†† The brake is the pump-handle, which is occaſionally fixed and taken off.

Rod-

Rodmond, Arion and Palemon here
At this ſad taſk all diligent appear.
As ſome ſtrong citadel, begirt with foes,
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppoſe;
Deſtruction near her ſpreads his black array,
And death and ſorrow mark his horrid way;
Till in ſome fated hour againſt her wall
In tenfold rage the mortal thunders fall;
It breaks, it burſts before the cannonade,
And following hoſts the ſhatter'd domes invade;
The natives long repel the hoſtile flood,
And ſhield their ſacred charge in ſtreams of blood.

So they with down-caſt looks their pumps attend,
And help inceſſant by rotation lend;
But all in vain! for lo! the ſounding clue
Updrawn, an undiminiſh'd depth they view.
Still o'er the deck, to aggravate their fear,
Fierce torrents ruſh in terrible career.
Nor this ſevere diſtreſs is found alone,
The ribs *, oppreſt by ponderous cannon, groan;

* Ribs are the curved timbers of a ſhip which reach from the keel or bottom to the gunnel: by theſe the body of the ſhip is conſtructed, on which the out-ſide planks and cieling are afterwards placed.

As in convulſive throes Pelorus reels
When the vext hill ſome fierce eruption feels:
Hoarſe thro his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.

So, reeling from the liquid volume's height,
The tortur'd ſides ſeem burſting with their weight.
Accumulating miſchiefs thus ariſe,
And Fate, vindictive, all their ſkill defies:
For this one remedy is only known,
From the torn ſhip her metal muſt be thrown.
Eventful taſk! which laſt diſtreſs requires,
And dread of inſtant death alone inſpires:
For, while intent the yawning decks to eaſe,
Fill'd ever and anon with ruſhing ſeas,
Some fatal billow, with impetuous ſweep,
May whirl the floated wretches in the deep.

No ſeaſon this for counſel or delay,
No moment muſt neglected paſs away.
The boldeſt efforts of th' unconquer'd heart,
Strong perſeverance with each help of art,

Can only now their miſery relieve,
Can only now a dawn of ſafety give.
Swift RODMOND and ARION downward haſte,
With able ſailors on each ſide the waiſt*:
They loos'd their frappings †, and the forelocks ‡ drew,
And every cannon from it's carriage threw:
Hurl'd from reſounding hinges o'er the lee,
With thundering jar, they plunge into the ſea.

Not with ſeverer agonies poſſeſt,
ALCIDES dying, felt th' envenom'd veſt,
When Torture ſhot a thouſand pungent pains,
In burning fury thro his poiſon'd veins:
He wept and rav'd and try'd, alas! too late,
To ſtop the ſwift career of cruel fate;
The baneful mantle from his body tore,
All clogg'd with carnage, all diſtain'd with gore:
His hope, an interval of eaſe procur'd;
Sad harbinger of ſevenfold pangs endur'd!

* The waiſt is the hollow between the quarter-deck and fore-caſtle, or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them.

† Frappings are the tackles and ropes by which the guns are faſtened to the ſhip's ſide.

‡ Forelocks are little flat iron wedges drove into the bolt-ends to prevent their looſening in the carriages.

The

The ſhip thus eas'd, ſome little reſpite finds
In this rude conflict of the ſeas and winds:
But ſhort the pauſe of woe!— new ills impend,
O'er all the ſky Cimmerian ſhades extend,
Save when the lightnings, in terrific blaze,
Deluge the cheerleſs gloom with horrid rays.
Above the thunderous clouds deep-heaving flow,
Where grim Deſtruction threatens all below:
Beneath the ſtorm laſht ſurges furious riſe,
And wave uproll'd on wave aſſails the ſkies:
She, almoſt bury'd in the black profound,
Beholds with fiery glare huge hills ſurround.

With ceaſeleſs toils and hazards thus oppreſt,
Diſmay and anguiſh every ſoul poſſeſt:
For while, in ſweeping inundation, o'er
The ſea-beat ſhip, the booming waters roar,
No diminution of the leaks is found;
The clattering pumps with conſtant ſtrokes reſound:
And round each leaping box the tough bull-hide *,
By friction wore, muſt ever be ſupply'd.

* The leather which is nailed round the pump-boxes or ſuckers.

Their ſinking hearts unuſual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick ſweats diſtil,
No eaſe, no reſpite in theſe ſad extremes!
Pregnant with ſome new woe, each moment teems!

Again the Chief th' inſtructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends.
To him the motion of each orb was known
That wheels around the ſun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his ſcience nought avails,
Skill droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverſes, ſince twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid,
Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,
The angle of lee-way, ſeven points, remain'd.
Her place explor'd with mathematic art,
Sad conſternation dampt his mighty heart.
When, on th' immediate line of drift he found
The rugged iſle, with rocks and breakers bound
Of Falconera *, diſtant only now
Nine leſſening leagues beneath the leeward bow:
And if on thoſe deſtructive ledges toſt,
The helpleſs bark with all her crew are loſt.

* See the ſhip's track in the chart.

As fatal ſtill appears, that danger o'er,
The ſteep St. George and craggy Gardalor.
With him the Pilots of their hopeleſs ſtate,
In mournful conſultation long debate;
Then ALBERT, from th' unconſcious crew apart,
To them reveal'd the dictates of his heart.

" Our bark, in this dread * interval, no more
" Can bear theſe watery mountains thunder o'er:
" One only ſhift, tho deſperate, we muſt try,
" And that, before the boiſterous ſtorm to fly:
" Then leſs her ſides will feel the ſurges' power,
" Which thus may ſoon the foundering hull devour.
" Nor muſt we, now bereft of every ſail,
" Attempt to ſteer obliquely on the gale;
" For then, if † broaching ſideward to the wave,
" Sea-log'd ‡, ſhe ſinks us in a liquid grave:
" Vain all endeavours then to § bear away,
" Nor helm, nor Pilot would ſhe more obey."

* The hollow of the ſea, where the ſhip tries a-hull with her ſide to it's direction.

† See the note of broaching too in the third Canto.

‡ A ſhip is ſaid to be water-log'd, when by ſpringing a leak ſhe has a great quantity of water in her hold, ſo as to become heavy and inactive on the ſea.

§ See above, page 48, note 2, as this is the ſame operation which is explained there.

He ſaid; and RODMOND, active, ſtrong and brave,
From him diſſenting, other counſel gave:
In every peril of the ocean train'd,
Courage and ſkill his mighty heart ſuſtain'd.

" Ah! where, with ſafety, can we dare to ſcud
" Before this tempeſt and purſuing flood?
" Tho Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
" To whoſe ſafe ports appears a paſſage free,
" Yet think this furious unremitting gale
" Deprives the ſhip of every ruling ſail;
" And if before it ſhe directly flies,
" New ills encloſe us, and new dangers riſe.
" A rugged ſhore, where lurking ſhelves abound,
" On rocks unſeen where breakers roar around,
" Our hull, if once it ſtrikes that iron coaſt,
" Aſunder burſts, in inſtant ruin loſt.
" Such miſchiefs follow if we bear away,
" O ſafer that ſad refuge to delay!

" Our crew, tho long oppreſt with toils ſevere,
" Still at the pumps, confeſs no terror near;

" Shall

" Shall we their dreadleſs ſpirits then diſmay?
" Or bid the generous ſparks of hope decay?
" This ſtorm, tho terrible, may ſoon ſubſide,
" Or with leſs violence enrage the tide;
" Then may our leaks decreaſe, our ſails once more
" With ſafety guide to ſome relieving ſhore."

Thus RODMOND ſpoke, in long experience try'd,
And ceas'd; to which ARION ſoon reply'd.
Not o'er his vernal life the ripening ſun
Had yet progreſſive, twice nine ſummers run.
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy ſad ſchool, ſtern NEPTUNE! taught too well.
With laſting pain to rend his youthful heart
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keeneſt dart;
Till his firm ſpirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her perſecuting ſcourge to feel.
His mind, that on each incident reflects,
Thus links the chain of cauſes and effects.

" Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
" A moment pauſe what purpoſe to decide?

" Alas!

" Alas! from circling horrors, thus combin'd,
" One method of relief alone we find!
" Thus water-log'd, thus helpleſs to remain
" Amid this hollow, how ill-judg'd! how vain!
" Our ſea-breacht veſſel can no longer bear
" The floods that o'er her burſt in dread career:
" At every pitch th' o'erwhelming waters bend
" Beneath their load the quivering bowſprit's end:
" At either pump our ſeamen pant for breath,
" In dire diſmay, anticipating death:
" Still all our powers th' increaſing leaks defy,
" We ſink at ſea, no ſhore, no harbor nigh.
" One dawn of hope yet cheers the diſmal gloom,
" To light and ſave us from the watery tomb;
" That only ray of hope directs to veer,
" And bids our ſhip before the tempeſt ſteer.

" 'Tis urg'd, that thus without one guiding ſail
" She ſcuds to rocky coaſts before the gale:
" But Falconera's iſland we may ſhun,
" And long appears to Grecian ſhores our run:
" Our veſſel then will bear the following ſeas,
" Before this raging tempeſt more at eaſe.

" And

" And ſince as ſoon that tempeſt will decay
" When ſteering ſhoreward, wherefore thus delay?
" Or there two cables join'd at length may ride
" The maſtleſs hull, long floating on the tide;
" Unknown what incidents may then appear,
" But death inevitable hovers here."

While theſe diſtreſsful themes PALEMON heard,
Extreme affliction in his looks appear'd;
His ſinking heart confeſt a ſovereign dread,
And from his boſom hope and vigor fled.
Mov'd to the ſoul, ARION ſaw his pain,
And ſocial anguiſh throb'd in every vein:
For, all awake to friendſhip's living heat,
In his rapt breaſt pathetic tremors beat;
That warmly felt the tides of paſſion flow,
Alive to pleaſure, and alive to woe.
He try'd with ſoft perſuaſion's melting lore,
PALEMON's fainting courage to reſtore;
His wounded ſpirit heal'd with friendſhip's balm,
And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.
Now had the Pilots all events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus reſolv'd.

Then to the crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpoſe ALBERT thus directs.

" Ye hapleſs partners in a wayward fate!
" Whoſe courage now is known perhaps too late;
" Ye! who unmov'd behold the lawleſs ſtorm
" In horrid conflict all the deep deform,
" Who, patient in adverſity, ſtill bear
" The firmeſt front when greateſt ills are near!
" The truth, tho painful, I muſt now reveal,
" What till the laſt I purpos'd to conceal.
" Ingulft, all helps of art we vainly try
" To weather leeward ſhores, alas! too nigh:
" Our wave-wreckt ſides no longer can ſuſtain
" Theſe fierce invaſions of the burſting main.
" From this, one remedy alone we find,
" To veer, and ſcud before the following wind.
" Perhaps even then to ſcenes of death we ſteer,
" For rocky ſhores beneath our lee appear,
" Unleſs by Heaven's aſſiſtance we can gain
" Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main:
" That goal indeed concludes our ſad career,
" But that's remote, and inſtant death is here.

" But

" But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
" Our helpleſs bark at laſt aſhore is driven,
" Theſe counſels follow'd, from the watery grave,
" Our crew perhaps amid the ſurf may ſave.

" Firſt every ax to hand convenient lay,
" And laſh ſecure, to cut the maſts away:
" The longeſt lines on deck muſt be convey'd,
" And on the weather quarter-rails belay'd;
" If haply ſome alive ſhould reach the land,
" Th' extended cords to faſten on the ſtrand.
" Whene'er loud breaking on the leeward ſhore,
" While yet aloof, we hear the ſurges roar,
" Thus for the imminent event prepar'd,
" Brace fore and aft * to ſtarboard every yard;
" Then, broach † the veſſel to the weſtward round,
" And climb the rigging till ſhe ſtrikes the ground:

* The intent of bracing the yards fore and aft here is to lie under the maſts when they are cut away, in order to float them better up from off the rocks, that the men may the ſafer get along upon them.

† Broaching too is bringing the ſide to the wind in a ſtorm, but is commonly underſtood to be done by accident or neglect, on account of the great difficulty in ſteering a ſhip before the ſtorm and ſea: and this is done here to bring the veſſel's broadſide to the ſhore, ſo that the maſts, when cut away, may poſſibly reach to it, in order to effect the eſcape of the crew.

" When firſt her bottom feels the dreadful ſhock,
" With ſhattered bilges on the pointed rock;
" The ableſt ſeamen from the ſhrouds deſcend,
" And laſhings * round their waiſts ſecurely bend;
" Then burſt the hatches † off, and every ſtay
" And every faſtening lanyard ‡ cut away:
" Planks, gratings, booms and rafts to leeward caſt,
" Then with redoubled ſtrokes attack each maſt;
" That buoyant lumber may ſuſtain you o'er
" The rocky ſhelves and ledges to the ſhore.
" But, on the maſts, if poſſible, remain,
" The ſureſt method ſafety to obtain!
" Tho great the danger, and the taſk ſevere,
" Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear;
" If once that ſlaviſh yoke your ſouls ſubdue,
" Adieu to hope, to life itſelf adieu!

* Laſhings are lines to faſten any thing, and are here deſigned to ſecure the men from being waſhed over-board by the height of the ſea while employed on deck.

† Hatches are the covers of the hatchways, of which gratings are a particular kind made to let the light paſs between decks.

‡ Lanyard; there is in the lower end of every ſhroud, and upper part of every chain-plate, a round block of wood, called a dead-eye, with three holes in it, and the lanyard is a rope that, paſſing through the holes of both dead-eyes, becomes ſixfold, and draws it's reſpective ſhroud quite taught, for the ſecurity of the maſt; ſo that theſe muſt all be cut away previous to the maſt, in order to diſengage it from the ſide.

" I know

" I know among you ſome have oft beheld
" A blood-hound train, by Rapine's luſt impel'd,
" On England's cruel coaſt impatient ſtand,
" To rob the wanderers wreckt upon their ſtrand.
" Th' inhoſpitable office they purſue,
" And ſtrip with ſavage haſte the murder'd crew;
" Who, 'ſcap'd from every horror of the main,
" Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
" But dread not here ſuch ſacrilegious bands,
" For gentler are the natives of theſe lands;
" Who, tho more wretched, yet are more humane,
" And ſhed the ſocial tear at mortal pain.

" No more remains, but now prepare to veer,
" Away two ſkilful helmſmen aft to ſteer!
" And thou ETERNAL POWER! whoſe awful ſway
" The ſtorms revere, and roaring ſeas obey!
" On thy ſupreme aſſiſtance we rely:
" Thy mercy ſupplicate, if doom'd to die!
" To thy unerring will ſubmiſſive truſt,
" With whom " *whatever is, is ever juſt.*"

Thus

Thus in a land that adverſe powers diſtreſs,
That ſore fatigue and peril long oppreſs;
Whoſe wealth to victor-hoſts becomes a prey,
Till all her vigor, pride and fame decay:
Some ſkilful ſtateſman, from the ruling helm,
Beholds black Ruin hovering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow and hoſtile unions riſe:
Watchful remarks the miſchief-planning foe,
Eludes their ſchemes, and fruſtrates every blow;
Tries his laſt art the tottering ſtate to ſave,
Or in it's ruins find a glorious grave.

The order now was given to bear away,
The order given, the Timoneers obey.
Both ſtay-ſail * ſheets to mid-ſhips were convey'd
And round the fore-maſt on each ſide belay'd.
Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
They hoiſt,—away the flitting ruins fly!

* It has been before mentioned, that the fore-ſtay-ſail is one of the ſails which commands the fore-part of the ſhip, and is for that reaſon hoiſted at this time, to bear her fore-part round before the wind: for the ſame reaſon, after it is ſplit, the foremoſt yards are braced aback, that is, to form right angles with the direction of the wind. For a further illuſtration of this, ſee the ſubſequent note.

But

But ALBERT ſtill new remedies prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares.
" Come aft and lower the mizen-yard on deck!"
He calls, " and brace the foremoſt yards aback!
" Unmov'd ſhe lies, nor will the helm obey!
" Then quickly cut the mizen-maſt away *!"

* When a ſhip is forced by the violence of a contrary wind to furl all her ſails, if the ſtorm increaſe and the ſea continue to enlarge, ſhe is often ſtrained to ſo great a degree, that, to eaſe her, ſhe muſt be made to run before their mutual direction; which however is rarely done but in caſes of the laſt neceſſity. Now as ſhe has no head-way the helm is deprived of it's governing power, as the latter effect is only produced in conſequence of the former; it therefore neceſſarily requires an uncommon effort to wheel or turn her into any different poſition. It is an axiom in natural philoſophy, that *Every body will perſevere in it's ſtate of reſt, or moving uniformly in a right line, unleſs it be compelled to change it's ſtate by forces impreſſed; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impreſſed, and is made according to the right line in which that force acts.*

By this principle it is eaſy to conceive how a ſhip is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind acting upon her ſails in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon; for the ſails may be ſo ſet as to receive the current of air either directly, or more or leſs obliquely; and the motion communicated to the ſhip muſt of neceſſity conſpire with that of the wind. As therefore the ſhip lies in ſuch a ſituation as to have the wind and ſea directly on her ſide, and theſe increaſe to ſuch a height, that ſhe muſt either founder or ſcud before the ſtorm; the aftmoſt ſails are firſt taken in, or ſo placed that the wind has very little power on them, and the head-ſails or foremoſt ſails are ſpread abroad, ſo that the whole force of the wind is exerted on the ſhip's forepart, which muſt therefore of neceſſity yield to it's impulſe. The prow being thus put in motion, it's motion muſt conſpire with that of the wind, and will be puſhed about ſo as to run immediately before it: for this reaſon, when no more ſail can be carried, the foremoſt yards are braced aback, that is, in ſuch a poſition as to receive all the current of air they can contain directly, to perform the operation of head-ſails; and the mizen-yard is lowered to produce the ſame effect as furling, or placing obliquely the aft-

moſt

He ſaid; to cut the girding ſtay they run,
Soon on each ſide the ſever'd ſhrouds are gone:
The broad ax ſmites aloud the ſounding tree,
That tottering, craſhing, tumbles o'er the lee.

Thus when ſome limb is ſeiz'd with gangren'd pains
That ſpread their baneful influence thro the veins,
Th' experienc'd artiſt all his ſkill applies
To check the dire contagion as it flies;
But if the malady eludes his art,
To ſave the whole he wiſely dooms a part:
To ſtop the courſe of Death's inflaming tides,
Th' infected member from the trunk divides.

moſt fails; and this attempt being found inſufficient, the mizen-maſt is cut away, which muſt have been followed by the main-maſt, if the expected effect had not taken place.

END of the SECOND CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

The design and power of poetry—Transferred to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast clear'd away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—*Excursion to the adjacent nations of* Greece, *&c. famous in antiquity*—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—*It's architecture—Present condition*—Sparta—Leonidas—*Invasion of* Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—*Modern appearance*—Arcadia—*Former happiness and fertility——Present distress the effect of slavery*——Ithaca—Ulysses *and* Penelope——Argos *and* Mycenae—Macronisi—Lemnos——Vulcan *and* Venus—Delos—Apollo *and* Diana—Troy——Helen—Sestos—Leander *and* Hero—Delphos—*Temple of* Apollo—Parnassus—*The* Muses—Helicon—*Return to the ship—Prodigious tempest—Sparkling of the sea—Rain—Meteors—Hail—Darkness—Lightning—Thunder—Approach of day—Discovery of land—Ship in great danger passes the island of St.* George——*Brought broadside to the shore*——*Bowsprit, fore-mast and main-top-mast carried away*——*Strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the crew.*

THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

THE war of lawleſs paſſions to control,
To melt in living ſympathy the ſoul,
The heart's remote receſſes to explore,
And touch it's ſprings when proſe avail'd no more;
This noble purpoſe taught the claſſic lyre
In human breaſts to wake celeſtial fire:
The kindling ſpirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the ſwelling lay.
When great MAEONIDES, in rapid ſong,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each raviſh'd boſom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulſes beat to arms:
Hence war's terrific glory to diſplay
Became the theme of every epic lay.

And

And when his ſympathetic numbers tell
What dire diſtreſs LAERTES' ſon befel,
The tragic meaſures, weeping as they flow,
Diſſolve the ſoul with extaſy of woe.
Far thro the boundleſs realms of thought he ſprings,
In ſun-ward flight with Pegaſean wings;
While diſtant Poets, trembling as they view
Their guiding ſtar, his arduous track purſue.
His magic voice that rouſes and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.
But I, in cheerleſs clouds bewilder'd ſtray,
Without his ſacred beam to point my way;
And, in theſe dangerous fields unus'd to tread,
Explore the devious path with ſolemn dread.
'Tis true he lightly ſketch'd the bold deſign,
But toils more joyleſs, more ſevere are mine;
Since o'er that ſcene his pencil ſwiftly ran,
Subſervient only to a nobler plan:
But I, perplext in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize and blazon every part:
Attempt with plaintive numbers to diſplay
The chain'd events in regular array.

Tho hard the taſk, to ſing in varied ſtrains,
When ſtill unchang'd the ſame ſad theme remains!
O could it draw compaſſion's melting tear
For equal agonies oft ſeen too near;
For equal wretches oft to ruin caſt,
On Albion's ſtrand, before the wintry blaſt;
For all the pangs, the complicated ill,
Her braveſt ſons, her guardian ſailors feel!
Then every breaſt ſhould ſigh at our diſtreſs,
This were the ſummit of my hop'd ſucceſs:
For this thro mazes I my theme purſue,
Which nor MAEONIDES nor MARO knew.

Now, from the ſide the mizen-ruins clear,
The yielding prow at laſt began to veer:
"Square, fore and aft, the yards!" the Maſter calls,
"While round before th' enlarging * wind ſhe falls:
"You Timoneers! her motion cloſe attend,
"For on your ſteerage all our lives depend!
"So, ſteddy! meet her, watch the curving prow,
"And from the gale directly let her go!

* The wind is ſaid to enlarge when it veers from the ſide towards the ſtern, which it conſequently muſt as the ſhip veers before it.

"Star-

" Starboard again!" th' attentive Pilots cry,
" Starboard," the Timoneers again reply:
Then back to * port, revolving at command,
The wheel rolls ſwiftly thro each glowing hand.
All lonely o'er the deſart waſte ſhe flies,
Scourg'd on by ſurges, ſtorms and burſting ſkies:
As when encloſing harponeers aſſail,
In arctic ſeas, th' unconſcious floating whale,
Their piercing irons wound his ſcaly ſide,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide;
And, rackt all o'er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain.

So with reſiſtleſs haſte the wounded ſhip
Shoots from the chacing waves along the deep:
While, daſht apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant, the waters glow:
The maddening winds with tenfold fury blend,
And from above huge cataracts deſcend.
High o'er the ſtern th' aſpiring ſeas enlarge,
And with redoubled ire their force diſcharge.

* See page 49, note 2: the left ſide of the ſhip is called port in ſteering, that the helmſman may not miſtake larboard for ſtarboard, when the pilot calls. The helm is commanded by a wheel.

Now on the topmoſt wave up-heav'd ſhe rides,
While cloſe beneath th' enormous gulf divides;
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalm'd, ſhe hears no more the howling gale;
Till up-returning on ſucceeding hills,
Again, it's direful power ſhe trembling feels:
As that rebellious Angel who from Heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadleſs he forſook the Stygian * ſhore,
The diſtant realms of Eden to explore:
Sometimes ſublim'd on ſulphur'd clouds on high,
He ſail'd adventurous thro th' infernal ſky;
Then in ſome dreadful vacuum plunging down,
Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown.

Even ſo ſhe climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the dire abyſs precipitates her flight.
ALBERT and RODMOND on the poop appear,
There to direct each guiding Timoneer;
While at the head the watch ARION keeps,
To ſhun what cruiſers wander on the deeps:
Where'er he moves, PALEMON ſtill attends,
As if on him his only hope depends.

* See Milt. Par. Loſt, b. II.

While

While ever and anon, with warning roar,
The Pilots call to them, *look out afore!*
Thus o'er the flood four hours ſhe ſcudding flew,
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view,
Faintly along the larboard bow deſcry'd,
As o'er it's mountain tops the lightnings glide.
In dire amazement rivetted they ſtand,
And hear the ſurges beat the rocky ſtrand;
But ſcarce perceiv'd, when paſt the beam it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the ſkies.
That danger o'er reflects a feeble joy,
And a faint pleaſure gleams in every eye:
As, in th' Atlantic ocean, when we find
Some alp of ice driven ſouthward by the wind,
The ſultry air all ſickening pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd;
Till when the floating iſle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides th' aerial billows fly;
Awhile, deliver'd from the ſcorching heat,
In ſmooth tranquillity our pulſes beat.

Such tranſient pleaſure, as they paſt this ſtrand,
A moment bade their throbing hearts expand:

Short gleams of eaſe alas! thoſe joys beſtow:
Too ſoon elapſe our intervals of woe!

Say, MEMORY! thou from whoſe unerring tongue
Inſtructive flows the animated ſong!
What regions now the ſcudding ſhip ſurround?
Regions in former ages long renown'd;
That, once the POETS theme, the MUSES' joy,
Now loſt in ſcatter'd deſolation lie.
Did they whoſe ſad diſtreſs theſe lays deplore,
Unſkill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconſcious paſs along each famous ſhore?

They did: for in this deſart, joyleſs ſoil
No flowers of genial Science deign to ſmile;
For native tempeſts here with blaſting breath,
Deſpoil and doom the vernal buds to death;
The ſoul's ſerene with gloomy clouds deform,
And rouſe it's temper to perpetual ſtorm.
Then if one hapleſs youth among this train,
Had rang'd fair Science! on thy fertile plain;
Since thy ſalubrious ſtreams with power divine,
To purer ſenſe the ſoften'd ſoul refine,

Sure,

Sure he, amid unſocial mates immur'd,
To learning loſt, ſeverer grief endur'd:
In vain might PHOEBUS' ray his mind inſpire,
Since Fate with torrents quencht the kindling fire.
If one this pain of living death poſſeſt,
It dwelt ſupreme, ARION! in thy breaſt.
When with PALEMON watching in the night,
Beneath pale CYNTHIA's melancholy light,
You oft recounted thoſe ſurrounding ſtates
Whoſe glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.

Immortal Athens * firſt, in ruin ſpread,
Contiguous lies, at Port Liono's head.
Great ſource of Science! whoſe immortal name
Stands foremoſt in the glorious roll of Fame.
Here godlike SOCRATES and PLATO ſhone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honor won;
The firſt for virtue's cauſe his life reſign'd,
By Heaven pronounc'd the wiſeſt of mankind;
The laſt proclaim'd aloud th' undying ſoul
No fatal doom to limits could control.
Juſt ARISTIDES here maintain'd the cauſe
Whoſe ſacred precepts ſhine thro SOLON's laws.

* Moſt of the countries deſcribed here are in the chart prefixed.

Here Solon liv'd, the philoſophic ſage,
Who fled from Pisistratus' cruel rage.
Of all her noble fabrics now alone
Some columns ſtand with mantling weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering ſtranger near the port deſcries
A ſnow-white lion, of enormous ſize,
Of antique marble; hence the haven's name,
Unknown to modern natives whence it came.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whoſe gorgeous ſtructures ſeem'd to ſtrike the ſkies:
Whom, tho by tyrant-victors oft ſubdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome with admiration view'd:
Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spred like the foliage which her columns crown'd:
But, wide diſperſt in ſad deſtruction, now
Is found adjacent on the ſtarboard bow.

Then, further weſtward, on Morea's land,
Fair Miſitra! thy modern turrets ſtand.
Ah! who unmov'd with ſecret woe can tell
That here great Lacedaemon's glory fell?

Here

Here once ſhe floriſh'd, at whoſe trumpet's ſound,
War burſt his chains and nations ſhook around.
Here brave LEONIDAS, alas! no more
Thro all Achaia bids her thunder roar;
He, when the mighty XERXES from afar
Advanc'd with Perſia's ſumleſs hoſts to war,
Till Macedonia ſhrunk beneath his ſpear,
And Greece all ſhudder'd as the chief drew near.
He, at Thermopylae's deciſive plain,
Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorious train;
Till Oeta ſaw the Tyrant's conquer'd hoſt,
In gaſping millions, bleed on Grecia's coaſt.
Thus vanquiſh'd haughty Aſia heard thy fame,
And Thebes and Athens trembled at thy name.
Thy ſtate, ſupported by LYCURGUS' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, ſuperlative applauſe.
Even great EPAMINONDAS ſtrove in vain
To curb thy ſpirit with the Theban chain:
But ah! how low that free-born ſpirit now!
Thy abject ſons to haughty Tyrants bow:
A falſe, degenerate, ſuperſtitious race
Infeſt thy region, and it's name diſgrace!

Not diſtant far Arcadia's bleſt domains
Peloponneſus' circling ſhore contains.
Thrice happy ſoil! where ſtill ſerenely gay,
Fair FLORA breath'd around perpetual May:
Where buxom CERES bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts, in rich profuſion, yield.
The guiltleſs ſhepherds, o'er theſe ſilvan plains,
To rural pleaſures ſung their artleſs ſtrains;
Or with th' enamor'd Maid ſupremely bleſt,
When melting raptures warm'd each youthful breaſt,
Reclining in ſome flower-bedeckt alcove,
Diſſolv'd the warbled notes to dying love;
Soft as the happy Swain's inchanting lay
That pipes *among the ſhades of Endermay.*
Now, ſad reverſe! Oppreſſion's iron hand
Subjects her natives and deſpoils her land:
In lawleſs rapine nurſt, a ſanguine train,
With midnight ravage ſcour th' uncultur'd plain.

Fam'd Argos here in ruins too we find,
Whoſe Monarch all the powers of Greece combin'd,
And led in ſtrong array the warrior-hoſts
Acroſs th' Agean main to Dardan coaſts.

Unhappy

Unhappy King! who, on a hoſtile ſhore
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;
And when reſtor'd to native realms at laſt,
To reap the harveſt of his troubles paſt,
There found a perjur'd friend and faithleſs wife,
Who ſacrific'd to impious luſt his life.

Adjacent to Arcadia ſtretch theſe plains,
And, o'er their realms, a powerful Tyrant reigns.

Weſtward of theſe, beyond the iſthmus, lies
The long-ſought iſle of ITHACUS the wiſe,
Where fair PENELOPE, of him depriv'd,
To guard her honor endleſs ſchemes contriv'd.
She, only ſhielded by a ſtripling ſon,
Her lord ULYSSES long to Ilion gone,
The warm attacks of ſuitor-kings repel'd,
And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and reſolutely chaſte,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the laſt.

Next Macroniſi is adjacent ſeen,
Where adverſe winds detain'd the Spartan queen;

For

For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian hoſt,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coaſt:
For whom ſo long they labor'd to deſtroy
The lofty turrets of beleaguer'd Troy:
Here driven by furious ſtorms, from Ilion loſt,
Th' unhappy, faithleſs HELEN firſt was toſt.
The port an image bears of Parian ſtone,
Th' antiquity to preſent Greeks unknown.

Next, Delos in th' Aegean ſeas is found,
Whoſe coaſt the rocky Cyclades ſurround.
High honor'd iſle! on whoſe immortal ſhore,
PHOEBUS and CYNTHIA, fair LATONA bore.
Thy ſacred ſtrand ſurrounding Greece rever'd!
Thy hallow'd groves even diſtant Perſia fear'd!
But now, a deſart, unfrequented land,
No human footſtep marks the trackleſs ſand.

North-eaſtward farther near Natolia's coaſt,
Stands Lemnos' fertile region, VULCAN's boaſt:
Where in her rage avenging JUNO hurl'd
Him, from Olympus, to this nether world:

Here

Here his eternal anvils firſt he rear'd,
Then, forg'd by Cyclopëan art, appear'd
Thunders that ſhook the world with dread alarms,
And, form'd by ſkill divine, immortal arms.
Here, with the vileſt of th' empyreal race,
A wretch deform'd, devoid of every grace,
In wedlock liv'd the beauteous Queen of Love:
Can ſuch ſenſations heavenly boſoms move?

Eaſtward of this appears the Dardan ſhore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore:
Illuſtrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Thro the long records of ſucceeding time!
Who ſaw protecting gods from Heaven deſcend
Full oft, her royal bulwarks to defend:
Tho chiefs unnumber'd in her cauſe were ſlain,
With Fate the gods and heroes fought in vain.
This refuge of perfidious HELEN's ſhame
At midnight was involv'd in Grecian flame:
By Time's deep-piercing coulter harrow'd o'er,
Unknown the ſpot that once great Ilium bore:
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines o'erſpread her cultur'd plains.

Silver

Silver Scamander laves the verdant ſhore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hoſtile gore!

Not diſtant far from Ilion's famous land,
In counterview, appears the Seſtian ſtrand,
Where beauteous HERO, from the turret's height
Diſplay'd her creſſet each revolving night,
Whoſe gleam directed lov'd LEANDER o'er
The raging Helleſpont from Aſia's ſhore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coaſt
She ſaw her hapleſs lover's body toſt:
Then felt her boſom agony ſevere,
Her bright eyes trembling pour'd th' inceſſant tear;
Raving, in all the pangs of wild deſpair
She beat her ſwelling breaſt, ſhe tore her hair;
On dear LEANDER's name in vain ſhe cry'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:
Th' exulting tide receiv'd the lovely maid,
And proudly from the ſtrand it's freight convey'd.

Far weſt of Phrygian plains we next explore,
Beyond Aegean ſeas the Delphic ſhore,

The ſacred oracle of PHOEBUS here
Taught every age and nation to revere;
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
Auguſt the fabric! elegant it's ſtile!
The roof, where fretted tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd;
The ſhafts of Parian porphyry were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd;
On brazen hinges turn'd the ponderous doors,
And checquer'd marble pav'd the poliſh'd floors:
APOLLO's prieſts, before the holy ſhrine,
Suppliant pour'd forth their oriſons divine;
Againſt the ſun's deſcending beam 'twas plac'd,
With ſtringed harps and branching laurels grac'd;
Around the fane, engrav'd by VULCAN's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were ſeen to ſtand;
Here AESCULAPIUS' ſnake diſplay'd his creſt,
And burning glories ſparkled on his breaſt,
While Death and pale Diſeaſe, in headlong flight,
Shot from his ardent eye's inſpiring light.
Of this great temple, thro' the world renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with lofty woods o'erſpred,
Parnaſſus rears to Heaven it's honor'd head:
Along the vales unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers perpetual blow:
The warbling birds on every ſpray above,
To living rapture wake the vocal grove:
While o'er th' eternal ſpring that laughs beneath,
Elyſian zephirs pour their ſpicy breath:
Here with immortal harps the ſacred Nine
Exalt to extaſy their airs divine;
All ſadly-ſweet the balmy currents roll,
And ſooth to ſofteſt peace the tortur'd ſoul;
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay:
While all alive the breathing hills around,
On odorous gales, ſeraphic tunes reſound:
Fair Pleaſure leads in dance the happy hours,
Or melts in joy amid ambroſial bowers.

Stop wandering thought! methinks I feel their ſtrains
Diffuſe a magic languor thro my veins.
Awake, O MEMORY! from th' infectious dream,
With brazen lungs reſume the kindling theme!

Depart

Depart the realms that ſmiling peace beſtow,
Where flowers of Eden ever-vernal grow!
Depart the ſtreams that o'er inchanted ground,
In lucid maze, Aonian vales ſurround!
Bid all the roſy ſeats of eaſe farewel,
Where love and gay delight forever dwell!
Theſe ſcenes to indolence the ſpirits thrill,
And o'er the ſoul Lethëan dews diſtil:
Collect thy powers! arouſe thy vital fire!
Ye ſpirits of the ſtorm my verſe inſpire!
Hoarſe as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the ſwelling ſtrain!

Now, thro the parting wave impetuous bore,
The ſcudding veſſel ſtem'd th' Athenian ſhore;
The Pilots o'er her quarters ſtill inſpect
Each chacing billow, and her courſe direct;
The ſteerſmen every bidden turn apply
The whirling ſpokes in ſwift ſucceſſion fly.
As ſome bold leaders, on the broken rear,
To guard a vanquiſh'd hoſt's retreat, appear;
Indignant they recede and long oppoſe
Superior armies that around them cloſe;

Still ſhield the flanks, the routed ſquadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line.

Thus they conduct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that laſh her to the ſhore:
Up-roll'd they riſe, in firey radiance bright,
The poop o'er-towring with enormous height:
With laboring throes ſhe rolls on either ſide,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Thus ſtrain'd, her joints in ſicken'd languor play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the potent ray.
The blaſt howls doleful thro the blocks and ſhrouds,
And big rains burſt alternate from the clouds:
At each maſt-head, diffuſing livid rays
Amid the gloom, volatic meteors blaze:
From wintry magazines, that ſweep the ſky,
Deſcending globes of hail impetuous fly:
A mournful contraſt Heaven's profound invades,
That now is bury'd in impervious ſhades,
Now, flaſhing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horror of the night:
Such flaming horror Amos' * ſon foretold
Down-ruſhing on th' Aſſyrian King of old:

* Iſaiah, chap. xxx.

Such

Such horror, Sinai's trembling hill o'erſpred,
When Heaven's loud clarion thunder'd from it's head.
Agaſt on deck the ſhivering wretches ſtood,
While Fear and chill Deſpair congeal'd their blood.
And lo! all-terrible THE KING OF KINGS
Thro the ſad ſky, array'd in lightning, ſprings:
Tremendous panoply! his right arm bare,
Red-burning, ſhoots deſtruction thro the air!
Hark! his ſtrong voice the diſmal ſilence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes!
Wide-burſts in dazzling ſheets the ſulphur'd flame,
And dread concuſſion rends th' ethereal frame.
Not fiercer tremors ſhook the world beneath,
When, writhing in the pangs of cruel death,
The ſacred LORD OF LIFE reſign'd his breath.
Loud and more loud the roaring peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the firey tides diſcharge;
Sick earth convulſive groans from pole to pole,
And Nature ſhuddering feels the horrid roll:
Thou wouldſt have thought eternal ruin, hurl'd
From Heaven, burſt down all-blazing on the world.

The retroſpect ſtands full before my ſight,
Reveal'd in all it's mournful ſhade and light;

Even

Even now my ear, with quick vibration, feels
Th' exploſion burſt in ſtrong-rebounding peals;
Swift thro my pulſes glides the kindling fire,
As lightning quivers on th' electric wire.
But ah! the languid colors vainly ſtrive
To bid the ſcene in native hues revive.

But lo! at laſt, from ſeven-fold darkneſs born,
Forth-iſſues now long-hop'd the livid morn.
Hail, ſacred viſion! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dews of light propitious bring:
All Nature ſmiling hails the vivid ray,
And gives her beauties to returning day:
All but our ſhip, that toſt on raging ſeas,
Can find no gleam of hope, no dawn of eaſe:
For, from the top, emerging, now they ſee
The riſing hills of Greece along the lee.
So the loſt lover views that fatal morn
On which, for ever from his boſom torn,
The maid ador'd reſigns her blooming charms,
Decreed to bleſs the happy bridegroom's arms.
So to ELIZA dawn'd that cruel day
That ſnatcht AENEAS from her ſight away;

That

That, never to return, beheld him fly
And leave the nymph in deep deſpair to die.
O yet in clouds, thou genial ſource of light,
Obſcure thy living glories from our ſight!
Let no vain ſplendor of thy ſmiling beam
Contraſt the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
Go, with thy ſmiles, adorn the happy plain,
And gild the ſcenes where eaſe and pleaſure reign!
But let dark horror here alone preſide,
Moſt fit the tragic incidents to guide,

But now, while morning beams the ſky o'erſpread,
Faſt riſe the ſable Attic hills a-head.
Swift o'er the roaring flood the veſſel flies,
And all confeſt St. George's cliffs ariſe;
Above the reſt a conic crag is ſeen,
That ſtands ſuperior on a barren green:
Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
And full a-head it's eaſtern ledges bear.
To ſteer more eaſtward ALBERT ſtill commands,
And ſhun, if poſſible, the fatal ſtrands.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their ſkill relentleſs Fates oppoſe;

For,

For, when the prow more eaſtward they direct,
Enormous floods burſt o'er the quivering deck,
While, as ſhe wheels, unable to ſubdue
Her curves, they ſtill expect to broach her to*.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
The trembling ſide could bear the mountain'd ſea:
And if purſuing waves ſhe ſcud before,
Headlong ſhe runs upon the frightful ſhore;
A ſhore where ſhelves and hidden rocks abound,
And death appears in horrid forms around.
Thus, while as yet a ray of ſafety gleams,
They guide their bark between the dire extremes.

Not half ſo dreadful to AENEAS' eyes,
The ſtraits of Sicily were ſeen to riſe,
When PALINURUS from the helm deſcry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eaſtern ſide,
While, in the Weſt with fatal yawn diſclos'd,
His onward courſe Charybdis' gulf oppos'd:

* The great difficulty of ſteering the ſhip before the ſea at this time is occaſioned by it's ſtriking her on the quarter when ſhe makes the leaſt angle on either ſide, which often forces her ſtern round, and brings her broadſide to the wind and ſea, and is only an effect of the ſame cauſe that is explained before. See the laſt note of Canto 2d.

The double dangers he alternate view'd,
And cautiouſly his arduous path purſu'd.

So they attempt St. George's ſhoals to clear,
Which cloſe beneath the larboard * beam appear.
With terrible irruption, burſting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous ſurges roar:
Hoarſe thro the vales the raging tempeſt raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Should once the bottom ſtrike this cruel ſhore,
The parting ſhip that inſtant is no more;
Nor ſhe alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to periſh too:
But haply ſhe eſcapes the dreadful ſtrand,
Tho ſcarce her length in diſtance from the land.
Swift, as the weapon quits the Scythian bow,
The burning billows part beneath her prow;
And forward hurrying with impetuous haſte,
Born on the tempeſt's wings, the iſle ſhe paſt.
In all the torture of th' afflicted mind,
They view and leave the ſafe domains behind.

* Any diſtance directly abreaſt of the ſhip, or on a line with her beams, is called on the beam; before the beam is any angle from that right line towards the ſtem, or fore and aft line, which lyes at right angles with it.

Would all the wealth beſtow that India yields,
To paſs alive and ſafe to yonder fields.

When, doom'd forever to Peruvian mines,
The fetter'd victim realms of day reſigns,
Tho in th' abyſs, where joyleſs midnight reigns,
Forlorn he drags Oppreſſion's galling chains,
Not half ſuch pangs his boſom agonize,
When up to diſtant light he rolls his eyes,
Where the broad ſun, in his diurnal way,
Imparts to all beſide his vivid ray,
While loſt to hope the captive thinks in vain
Of ſcenes he never muſt behold again.

But now Athenian mountains they deſcry,
And tall Colonna rears it's head on high,
Where marble columns, long by time defac'd,
Moſs-cover'd on the lofty cape are plac'd,
There rear'd by fair Devotion to ſuſtain
In ancient times TRITONIA's ſacred fane.
The circling beech in murderous form appears,
Deciſive goal of all their hopes and fears!

The

The ſeamen now in wild amazement ſee
The ſcene of ruin riſe beneath the lee:
Voraginous, along the ſurge-laſht ſtrand,
Death's horrid jaws that never cloſe expand.
The veſſel, while the dread event draws nigh,
More rapid, more impatient ſeems to fly;
Swift from their minds elapſe all dangers paſt,
As, dumb with terror, they behold the laſt:
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every boſom mortal tremor feels.
The moment fraught with fate approaches faſt,
While thronging ſailors climb each ſhivering maſt;
The ſhip no longer now muſt ſtem the land,
And, "hard a ſtarboard!" is the laſt command:
While every ſuppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow ſwift wheeling to the weſtward flies;
The yards to ſtarboard all were ſharply brac'd;
Twelve ſailors up the fore-cat-harpings * haſte;
Deſperate aſylum! charg'd with fatal woe!
For lo! while dips immerſt the plunging prow,
Down-preſt by watery weight the bowſprit bends,
And, looſen'd o'er the ſtem, deep-craſhing rends:

* Cat-harpings are ropes which draw in the ſhrouds parallel to the yard, that the yard may the more eaſily be braced ſharp.

Beneath the bow the floating ruins lie;
The fore-maſt totters unſuſtain'd on high,
And, as ſhe riſes on th' up-lifting ſea,
With all it's load down-tumbles o'er the lee;
Falling, it bears a lamentable ſcream,
And hurls the ſtruggling wretches in the ſtream;
While, in the common wreck, the twiſting ſtay*
Drags the main-top-maſt by the cap away.
They try oppoſing floods to mount in vain,
And, panting, would the veſſel's ſide regain:
Weak hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
And graſp at life, tho ſinking in the grave:
Till all exhauſted, and bereft of ſtrength,
They yield to Fate's unerring ſtroke at length;
The burying waters cloſe around their head
They ſink forever, number'd with the dead!

Thoſe who remain the weather-ſhrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their loſt companions' caſe:
Transfixt with terror at th' approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breaſts alone has room:

* The main top-maſt ſtay comes to the fore-maſt head, and conſequently depends upon the fore-maſt as it's ſupport.

Yet

Yet ALBERT, RODMOND, with PALEMON near,
And young ARION on the maſt appear;
Even they, amid th' unſpeakable diſtreſs,
In every look diſtracting thoughts confeſs.
Begirt with all the horror of the main
They view th' adjacent ſhore, but view in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where ſad Deſpair laments with rueful yell;
Such torments lacerate the damned breaſt,
That ſees remote the manſions of the bleſt:
Heaven's ſaving aid their ſuppliant cries implore,
But Heaven, relentleſs! deigns to aid no more.

Ye ſacred ſhades! whoſe rules reform the heart,
And ſooth the paſſions by celeſtial art,
With lenient balm allay the ſmart of woe,
And virtue and tranquillity beſtow!
Ah! would your ſacred influence triumph here,
Where courage, vigor, hope ſubmit to fear?
Altho you teach us at the lateſt breath
To ſmile ſerene amid the pangs of death;
Alas! th' exalted lectures here muſt fail,
Nor all th' elaborate ſcience ought avail.

Immortal ZENO's ſelf would, trembling, ſee
Inexorable Fate beneath the lee:
And EPICTETUS at the ſight in vain
Attempt his ſtoic firmneſs to retain:
Had SOCRATES, for godlike virtue fam'd
And wiſeſt of the ſons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator of ſuch various horrors been,
Even he had ſtagger'd at this dreadful ſcene.

It comes! the dire cataſtrophe draws near,
Laſht furious on by Deſtiny ſevere!
The ſhip hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks riſe, and breakers roar beneath.
Since I, all-trembling in extreme diſtreſs,
Muſt ſtill the horrible reſult expreſs,
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above!
This laſt tremendous ſhock of Fate to prove:
The tottering frame of reaſon yet ſuſtain!
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain!

In vain, alas! the axes were prepar'd,
For every wave now ſmites the quivering yard *;

* At this time the ſea ran ſo high, that it was impoſſible to deſcend from the maſt-head without being waſhed overboard.

High

High o'er the deck they ſpread a dreadful ſhade,
Then deluge down in terrible caſcade,
Acroſs the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, ſwelling, bound upon the ſhore:
Swift up the mounting billow now ſhe flies,
Her ſhatter'd top half-buried in the ſkies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground—
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps reſound!
Her ponderous bulk the dire concuſſion feels,
And o'er up-heaving ſurges wounded reels.
Again ſhe plunges, hark! a ſecond ſhock
Splits wide her bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with diſmal cries,
The fated victims ſhuddering roll their eyes
In wild deſpair, while yet another ſtroke
With ſtrong convulſion rends the ſolid oak:
Ah Heaven! behold her mighty frame divides,
And, craſhing, burſting, ſpreads in ruin o'er the tides!

O! could my ſong with ſacred MARO's art
Awake to ſympathy the feeling heart!
Like him the ſmooth and mournful numbers dreſs
In all the pomp of exquiſite diſtreſs!

Then,

Then, too ſeverely taught by cruel Fate
To ſuffer all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrival'd ſtrains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward ſhore.

As o'er the ſurf the bending main-maſt hung,
Still on the rigging thirty ſeamen clung;
Some on a broken crag are ſtruggling caſt,
And there by oozy tangles grapple faſt;
Awhile they bear th' o'erwhelming billow's rage,
And with their fate unequal combat wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their ſlippery hold, and ſink to ſhades below:
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
Againſt the ridges, die without a groan.
Three with PALEMON on their ſkill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts deſcend.
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who ſeems in agony to ſtrive,
The whirling breakers heave on ſhore alive;
The reſt a ſpeedier end of anguiſh knew,
And preſt the ſtony beech, a lifeleſs crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What ſcenes of miſery preſent thy view!
What painful ſtruggles of thy dying crew!
Thy periſh'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erſpred with corſes! red with human blood.
So pierc'd with anguiſh hoary PRIAM gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd,
While he, ſevereſt ſorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering ſteel.
Thus with his helpleſs partners till the laſt,
Dire refuge! ALBERT hugs the floating maſt;
His ſoul could yet ſuſtain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath ſuperior woe;
For now ſtrong nature's ſympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful ſtrain;
His faithful wife forever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never ſhall return;
To black adverſity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardſhips unforeſeen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to ſuccour and defend.

By youth and indigence ſet forth a prey
To lawleſs guilt, that flatters to betray—
While theſe reflections rack his feeling mind,
RODMOND, who hung beſide, his graſp reſign'd,
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-ſtrecht arms the Maſter's legs enfold——
Sad ALBERT feels the diſſolution near,
And ſtrives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The guſhing ſtreams roll back th' unfiniſh'd ſound!
He gaſps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

Five only left of all the periſh'd throng,
Yet ride the pine that ſhoreward drives along;
With theſe ARION ſtill his hold ſecures,
And all th' aſſaults of hoſtile waves endures.
O'er the dire proſpect as for life he ſtrives,
He looks if poor PALEMON yet ſurvives.
Ah wherefore, truſting to unequal art,
Didſt thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?

Alas!

Alas! theſe rocks all human ſkill defy,
Who ſtrikes them once, beyond relief muſt die:
And now ſore-wounded, thou perhaps art toſt
On theſe, or in ſome oozy cavern loſt;
Thus thought ARION, anxious gazing round,
In vain, his eyes no more PALEMON found.
The demons of deſtruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal ſhafts commiſſion'd fly:
And now a breaking ſurge, with forceful ſway,
Two next ARION furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gaſp! they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon th' eluſive weed!——
Another billow burſts in boundleſs roar!
ARION ſinks! and MEMORY views no more!——

Ha! total night and horror here preſide!
My ſtun'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!—

But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!

Again the diſmal proſpect opens round,
The wreck, the ſhores, the dying and the drown'd!
And ſee! enfeebled by repeated ſhocks,
Thoſe two who ſcramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithleſs hold no longer can retain,
They ſink o'erwhelm'd, and never riſe again!

Two with ARION yet the maſt upbore,
That now above the ridges reacht the ſhore:
Still trembling to deſcend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhauſted waves retreat,
Then climb ſlow up the beech with hands and feet.
O heaven! deliver'd by whoſe ſovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they ſhuddering ſtand,
Receive the languid incenſe they beſtow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each ſoul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardor, of unequal praiſe;

In every heart diſmay with wonder ſtrives,
And Hope the ſicken'd ſpark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health reſtore,
Till horror and deſpair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft theſe perils of the deep deſcry,
Rous'd by the bluſtering tempeſt of the night,
Anxious had clim'd Colonna's neighboring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the ſcene of ruin ſtood;
The ſurf with mangled bodies ſtrew'd around!
And thoſe yet breathing on the ſea-waſht ground!
Tho loſt to ſcience and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Strait down the vale with haſtening ſteps they hied,
Th' unhappy ſufferers to aſſiſt and guide.

Mean while thoſe three eſcap'd beneath explore,
The firſt adventurous youth who reacht the ſhore;
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpleſs, on the tangly beech he lay——

It is PALEMON!—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in ARION's ſoul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this ſole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And ſhare the future good or ill unknown,
ARION thus; but ah! ſad doom of fate!
That bleeding MEMORY ſorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on ſome reſiſting rock,
His ribs were daſht and fractur'd with the ſhock:
Heart-piercing ſight! thoſe cheeks ſo late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal ſhade!
Diſtilling blood his lovely breaſt o'erſpred,
And clog'd the golden treſſes of his head:
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious ſtroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely ANNA! hung portray'd;
Th' unconſcious figure ſmiling all ſerene,
Suſpended in a golden chain was ſeen:
Hadſt thou, ſoft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,

What

What force of art, what language could expreſs
Thine agony? thine exquiſite diſtreſs?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes ſhall never ſee again!
With dumb amazement ſmote, ARION gaz'd,
And cautiouſly the wounded youth uprais'd;
PALEMON then, with cruel pangs oppreſt,
In faultering accents thus his friend addreſt.

" O reſcu'd from deſtruction late ſo nigh,
" Beneath whoſe fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this laſt retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yeſter-morn enjoy'd,
" Inchanting hopes, forever now deſtroy'd!
" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" PALEMON dies, and this his final hour:
" By thoſe fell breakers, where in vain I ſtrove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
" Far other ſcenes muſt ſoon preſent my ſight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
" Ah! wretched father of a wretched ſon,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!

" How

" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguiſh and deſpair!
" Such dire effects from avarice ariſe,
" That deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wiſe,
" With force ſevere endeavours to control
" The nobleſt paſſions that inſpire the ſoul.
" But O THOU SACRED POWER! whoſe law connects
" Th' eternal chain of cauſes and effects,
" Let not thy chaſtening miniſters of rage
" Afflict with ſharp remorſe his feeble age!
" And you, ARION! who with theſe the laſt
" Of all our crew ſurvive the *Shipwreck* paſt——
" Ah! ceaſe to mourn! thoſe friendly tears reſtrain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since heaven may ſoon thy wandering ſteps reſtore,
" When parted hence to England's diſtant ſhore;
" Shouldſt thou, th' unwilling meſſenger of fate,
" To him the tragic ſtory firſt relate,
" Oh! friendſhip's generous ardor then ſuppreſs!
" Nor hint the fatal cauſe of my diſtreſs,
" Nor let each horrid incident ſuſtain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.

" Ah! then remember well my laſt requeſt,
" For her who reigns forever in my breaſt;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpleſs maid to ſuccour and defend.
" Say I this ſuit implor'd with parting breath,
" So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely ANNA ſhouldſt thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the diſmal ſcene ſoft pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change no diminution ever knew;
" Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
" Is all PALEMON reſcu'd from the wreck;
" Take it and ſay, when panting in the wave,
" I ſtruggled life and this alone to ſave!——

" My ſoul, that fluttering haſtens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
" But ſtrives in vain——the chilling ice of death
" Congeals my blood, and choaks the ſtream of breath;
" Reſign'd, ſhe quits her comfortleſs abode,
" To courſe that long, unknown, eternal road---

" O ever-living ſource of ſacred light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful ſhore,
" Where peril, pain and death prevail no more!

" When thou ſome tale of hapleſs love ſhalt hear,
" That ſteals from pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaſte hearts, by mutual paſſion join'd,
" To abſence, ſorrow and deſpair conſign'd,
" O! then, to ſwell the tides of ſocial woe,
" That heal th' afflicted boſom they o'erflow,
" Thou who haſt taught the tragic harp to mourn
" In early youth o'er royal FREDERIC's urn,
" While MEMORY dictates, this dire SHIPWRECK tell,
" And what diſtreſs thy wretched friend befel!
" Then while, in ſtreams of ſoft compaſſion drown'd,
" The ſwains lament and maidens weep around;
" And liſping children, toucht with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze and drop th' unconſcious tear:
" O then this moral bid their ſouls retain,
" *All thoughts of happineſs on earth are vain.*"

The laſt faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His boſom heaves a mortal groan——he dies!
And ſhades eternal ſink upon his eyes!

As thus defac'd in death PALEMON lay,
ARION gaz'd upon the lifeleſs clay,
Transfixt he ſtood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the ſilent drops diſtil'd.

" O ill-ſtar'd votary of unſpotted truth!
" Untimely periſh'd in the bloom of youth,
" Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
" He will obey, tho painful, thy demand:
" His tongue the dreadful ſtory ſhall diſplay,
" And all the horrors of this diſmal day!
" Diſaſtrous day! what ruin haſt thou bred!
" What anguiſh to the living and the dead!
" How haſt thou left the widow all-forlorn,
" And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn!
" Thro life's ſad journey hopeleſs to complain!
" Can ſacred juſtice theſe events ordain?——

" But O my ſoul! avoid that wonderous maze
" Where Reaſon, loſt in endleſs error, ſtrays!
" As thro this thorny vale of life we run,
" Great CAUSE of all effects, *Thy will be done!*"

Now had the Grecians on the beech arriv'd,
To aid the helpleſs few who yet ſurviv'd:
While paſſing they behold the waves o'erſpred
With ſhatter'd rafts and corſes of the dead.
Three ſtill alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful ſilence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with ſocial pain,
The feeble ſtrangers in their arms ſuſtain;
With pitying ſighs their hapleſs lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal ſhore.

OCCASIONAL

ELEGY.

THE ſcene of death is clos'd, the mournful ſtrains
Diſſolve in dying languors on the ear:
Yet PITY weeps, yet SYMPATHY complains,
And dumb SUSPENCE awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But, O ſad MEMORY! thou, whoſe conſcious power
O'er all preſides ſince that event befel,
It's links of future woe before his hour,
In ſorrowful connexion chain'd, canſt tell,

From

From young ARION firſt the news receiv'd,
With terror pale unhappy ANNA read;
With inconſolable diſtreſs ſhe griev'd,
And from her cheek the roſe of beauty fled.

In vain, alas! the gentle virgin wept,
Corroſive anguiſh nipt her vital bloom;
O'er her ſoft fabric ſtern diſeaſes crept,
And gave the lovely victim to the tomb.

A longer date of woe the widow'd wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore;
Yet both were reſcu'd from the chains of life,
Before ARION reacht his native ſhore.

The Father unrelenting phrenzy ſtung,
Untaught in VIRTUE's ſchool diſtreſs to bear;
Severe remorſe his tortur'd boſom wrung,
He languiſh'd, groan'd, and periſh'd in deſpair.

But O, PALEMON! if thy ſhade can hear
The voice of FRIENDSHIP ſtill lament thy doom;
Yet to the ſad oblation bend thine ear,
That breathes in vocal incenſe o'er thy tomb.

Ye loſt companions of diſtreſs adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more:
The tempeſt now ſhall howl unheard by you,
And ocean ſmite in vain the trembling ſhore.

On you the blaſt, ſurcharg'd with rain and ſnow,
In winter's diſmal nights no more ſhall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic ſun may glow,
And ſcorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful Maid, the ſprightly ſtrain
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeleſs Love impart undying pain,
When far from ſcenes of ſocial joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery waſte you ſtray,
While hunger and diſeaſe your life conſume,
While parching thirſt, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blaſted roſe of health to bloom.

No more you feel CONTAGION's mortal breath
That taints the realms with miſery ſevere:
No more behold pale FAMINE, ſcattering death,
With cruel ravage deſolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's ſwelling ſtrain,
Unheard ſhall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hoſtile ſquadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards ſtill moleſt
The wandering vaſſals of the faithleſs deep,
O! happier now eſcap'd to endleſs reſt,
Than we who ſtill ſurvive to wake and weep.

What

What tho no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crouds ſhall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your ſable bier,
Who ſadly liſten to the paſſing bell.

The tutor'd ſigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguiſh to the ſoul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends beſtow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho no ſculptur'd pile diſplays your name,
Like thoſe who periſh in their country's cauſe;
What tho no epic Muſe in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applauſe.

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown,
With blazon'd trophies deck the ſpotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muſes crown
The ſlaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet

Yet ſhall REMEMBRANCE from OBLIVION's veil
Relieve your ſcene, and ſigh with grief ſincere,
And ſoft COMPASSION, at your tragic tale,
In ſilent tribute pay her kindred tear.

THE END.

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